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SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JOHN D. STOCKTON.

It matters not if all the air
Be sweet with flowers, or keen with frost
Though skies are blue, or fields are bare,
If thy dear sympathy is lost.
Ah! no, it matters not to me,
Sweet spirit, if I have not thee.
For thou wast once the joy of flowers,
And all the summer's bliss was thine,
Thy soul enriched the midnight hours,
All things were dear when thou wert mine.
But now they matter not to me,
Lost soul of love, apart from thee.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COAT
FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
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CHAPTER XII.

A CURIOUS SUSPICION.

On a sofa, in the house of Mr. Stephen Grey, lay a lady with a pale face and delicate features. She had a serene brow, broad and thoughtful, and her large, earnest gray eyes were gazing up into a pair of eyes, the very counterpart of her own, that were bending down upon her—those of Frederick Grey. The eyes alone would have proclaimed them to be mother and son. She suffered from weakness of the spine, caused by a hurt, so that she required to lie down frequently; her health, in other respects, had been a source of great anxiety for the last year or two, and when her sister, a wealthy widow, spoke of paying a visit to some of the continental baths, and offered to make her her companion thither, the offer was eagerly embraced. Mrs. Stephen Grey alone hesitated at the proposal; she did not like to leave her husband and her son; but they overruled her scruples. She had now returned, after seven or eight months' absence, having derived much benefit from the trip.

"But, Frederick, I cannot understand," she was saying to her son, continuing a conversation they were both eagerly pursuing. "Either your papa did put the opium into the mixture—"

"Prussic acid, mamma."

"Prussic acid; how came my thoughts to be running upon opium? talking of a sleeping draught, I suppose. Either he did put the prussic acid into the mixture, or he did not."

"Dearest mamma, do not tell you that he did not. I watched him make it up, I watched every drop of everything he put into it. There was no more poison in that draught than there is in this glass at your elbow."

"My dear, I do not dispute it; I should be exceedingly surprised to hear that your father was careless enough to do such a thing. What I was about to say, only you talk so fast and interrupt me, is this: with your testimony, and your Uncle John's, that it was not put in, and with the acquittal verdict of the jury, all tending to bear out that your father was not in fault, why has the tide set in against him?"

"Because people are fools," returned Frederick.

"Nay, Frederick, that's a poor explanation. Can't you give me a better?"

"Well, mamma, it's pretty near the truth. Immediately after the inquest, that is, for a week or two, the tide set in for papa; people seemed to be ashamed of having suspected him of carelessness, and nothing was made so much of as Mr. Stephen Grey. But the tide took a turn; one or two began to raise doubts, and insinuate hints that the prussic acid could only have got in, in the making-up, and soon others joined them. One fool, I say, makes many. And the tide has gone on to a rushing torrent, and I don't suppose there are ten people in the town who would call in papa; no, not ten," added Frederick, excitedly. "It does make Uncle John so mad."

"It gives him a great deal of extra work," said Mrs. Grey.

"Yes. In comes a note calling for Mr. Grey's attendance, with a line of postscript, 'It is Mr. John who is requested to come'; and in comes a verbal message, 'If you please if Mr. John's not in, the patient will wait till he is'; and all these, you know, people who formerly had papa. Uncle John is run off his legs. Not only that; numbers have left us altogether, and gone over to the enemy; they are afraid if they get Mr. John's attendance, that Mr. Stephen may make up the medicines, and won't risk it, they say."

"Pray, who do you call the enemy, Frederick?"

"Carlyon. And I used the word in its full sense, mother."

"Why do you suspect him of being an enemy?"

"I don't know what I don't suspect him of," returned Frederick Grey, in a significant tone. "But I'll tell you one thing: I am sure that he is the chief instigator in keeping up the prejudice against papa. If Carlyon does not work in secret for it, mother, I'll never tell truth again. I don't believe there's a single family he goes into, especially of our former patients, but he keeps up the ball. And it's done in such a nasty underhand way. 'I am grieved to be called in to take the place of Mr. Stephen Grey. No man can more highly respect another than I do him, and none can deplore more deeply the unfortunate accident. I cannot but think he will be cautious for the future; still, when the life of one, near and dear to us, a wife or a child, is at stake, I can but acknowledge that we ought to look for full reliance on our medical attendant'; and all that sort of cant. That's Carlyon's game, mamma."

"Frederick, you cannot know this."

"Indeed but I do, and Uncle John and papa know it, too. Uncle says he cannot think what possesses the fellow. And amongst the poor—not that they are profitable patients, but still they are something—he abuses Mr. Stephen Grey openly. In short, he does all he can to excite a prejudice against him; if the truth could be known, I have no doubt it was Carlyon who raked about in secret till he turned the stream against papa, after it had set in for him."

"And his motive? To gain patients?"

"Well, I suppose so. But, as Uncle John often says, there are plenty for him and for us."

"He is married now, is he not?"

"Yes. A creditable business that was! No honorable man would run away with a girl, when he had been forbidden to have her, and had been pretty nearly kicked out of her father's house. She is so beautiful."

"Who?"

"Lady Laura Carlyon. A sight too good for him."

"Lady Laura Carlyon?" repeated Mrs. Grey, in surprise. "Do you speak of his wife? I thought he had run away with one of the daughters of that old Captain Chesney."

"Ah, mamma, see what it is to be roving away from one's country. You have all the news to learn. That old Captain Chesney has become Karl of Oakburn. And he is married himself, now."

"He is?"

"Yes, he married Lucy Chesney's governess. It has just come off, a week or two back. Miss Chesney—Lady Jane: I am forgetting her title—has come back to the house on the rise, they have it in their hands for the next two years, and had been trying to let it furnished, but now she has returned to live at it."

"Why should she leave her own home?"

"It is said she did not like the marriage; that she and the new wife did not get on well together. Some say that Lady Jane would not give it a trial, whether they should get on or not, but left the day after the earl took his wife home. Uncle John was called in to her soon after she came, and is attending her still, but he says he can do little for her, for the disease seems to be on the mind."

"Your Uncle John! How was it she did not call in her sister's husband, Mr. Carlyon?"

"She'd rather die, I expect, than have him. They are at daggers drawn. She told Uncle John that she personally disliked Mr. Carlyon, independently of his having run away with her sister."

"Had the earl come into his title when she ran away? I was Lady Laura Chesney?"

"She was, in point of fact, but she did not know it. The young earl had been dead nearly two days, and letters had been sent to the Chesneys; but they were addressed to the Earl of Oakburn, not to Captain Chesney, and the old captain never thought they were for him. Uncle John was attending there at the time, and it was he suggested to Miss Chesney what might have occurred, for he had heard that the earl was dying. Just at the very hour, mother, that he and Miss Chesney were talking, Laura Chesney slipped away from the house to join Mr. Carlyon."

"Where were they married?"

"At Greta Green; and afterwards at South Wrenock when they returned. St. Mark's church was full, all the town flocking in to see them."

"And you amongst them, I suppose."

"Frederick laughed. "Carlyon was as white as a sheet, and kept looking round as if he feared old Captain Chesney might come in to stop it, which must have been very stupid, if he did fear it, because they were man and wife already, fast enough. They nearly got dropped upon, getting off at first; at least, they might have been dropped upon, but that Captain Chesney had gone to Chesney Oaks. Carlyon was too cunning to take her to the Great Wrenock station where they would have been known, but drove her across the country to that little bit of a place, Lichford, to take the train there."

"Drove her?" interrupted Mrs. Grey.

"Drove her in that open carriage of his; it would skim over the ground as quick as anything else, perhaps quicker; and the night of the escape he went up in it, and waited in that lane at the back of the rise, and Laura stole out and joined him. Lichford you know is seven miles off, and they had reached to within two of it, Carlyon no doubt driving madly, like a second Phœnix; when lo! there was a spill; the whole concern coming to grief."

"Were they upset, do you mean?"

"Frederick nodded. "About a month before, Carlyon's horse had fallen, and he had not been using him again above a week. A horse, you know, that once falls is never safe afterwards, and down he went. They were not thrown out; they had the head over them and the apron up, and were regularly wedged in. It had come on to pour like cats and dogs, and there they were at a nuptial, the horse disabled, and they in a fix."

"What ever did they do?"

"Walked on to the station in all the rain, and a pretty object Laura looked when she got there; so it is said by those who saw her. They had no umbrella, and she had lost one of her thin shoes in the clay of the road. They were too late for the train they meant to have taken, and had to wait till midnight for another. Fancy how nicely they might have been dropped upon, had Captain Chesney been in pursuit."

"But what became of the horse and carriage?"

"There were cottages scattered about where the spill took place; and Carlyon found a man to take charge. Carlyon has sold the horse since then, and bought a fresh one. Carlyon knew the young earl was dead, before he left South Wrenock that evening, but he was shy enough not to tell her; perhaps he feared that though Miss Laura Chesney, poor, and dissatisfied with the embarrassments of her father's home, which it is well known she was, would run away with him to become Mrs. Carlyon, Lady Laura Chesney might not."

"I wonder if she regrets it?" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, after a pause of thought.

"She will regret it sometime, if she doesn't yet," returned Frederick. "Carlyon's a bad man; and all bad men's wives must come to repentance."

"My boy, it sounds to me as if you were too bitter against Mr. Carlyon."

"I am not too bitter against him. I wish I could be more bitter; bitter to some purpose."

"Frederick!"

The boy threw himself on his knees beside the sofa, and sank his voice to a whisper.

"Mother! I believe it was Mr. Carlyon who put the prussic acid into the draught."

Mrs. Grey started to tremor, almost to anger; she was alarmed at the temerity of Frederick. And it must be here remarked that Master Frederick Grey was rather accustomed to take fancies in his head, without, as his friends would express it, rhyme or reason.

"Look here, mother. The draught went out of our house right & wrong, and Dick delivered it as it was sent. Why, then, did Mr. Carlyon take hold of it when it arrived and say that it smelt of prussic acid; it did not smelt of prussic acid; there was no smelt of prussic acid in it then, or anything that smelt like prussic acid. He must have said it to put the public off the right scent, to cloak what he was going to do; and that was to put the prussic acid himself into it—which I believe he did."

Mrs. Grey burst into tears, terrified at Frederick's vehemence, terrified at the consequences, if he were heard. "For heaven's sake be still; what has come to you, Frederick? Are you out of your mind?"

"Mother, this suspicion of Carlyon fell over me that night. When we heard of the death of Uncle John run down. Carlyon was in the chamber. He spoke glibly enough of what had taken place, so as he had had any thing to do with it, and Uncle John and Mr. Lynton took it all in for gospel. But a feeling came over me, as I listened to him and looked at him, that he was not speaking truth; and that there was a deal behind, concealed; and, if so, where was his motive? He was too glib, too frank, and he overdid it; but there was neither truth in his eye nor on his lip. You know you have often been surprised at the quickness with which I read people and their motives, and you have called it a good gift from God."

"You frighten me to faintness," gasped Mrs. Grey. "Have you reflected on the awful consequences to Mr. Carlyon, were such an accusation heard?"

"I am not going to speak of it abroad; but, mother, I must tell you; it has been burning my heart out since that night. Carlyon did not like my looks, he saw that I doubted him—his truth, at any rate—and he wanted to get me out of the chamber. I would not go, and he did not like to make a fuss. You must note one thing, mother, that no person whatever was alone with that draught, after Dick delivered it, but Mr. Carlyon."

"Oh, Frederick! what wickedness has come over you? Your very nature seems changed. Is this my good and honorable boy, who has been taught not to think evil? I wish I had not gone abroad, and left you!"

"What first set me on to doubt him, was the pretending he smelt the prussic acid when the draught arrived," persisted Frederick, paying little heed to his mother's words, so absorbed was he with his subject. "And then, as I tell you, there was his manner; both that night and at the inquest. I was there. The coroner complimented him on the straightforward way in which he gave his evidence; but I know that I read in it from the beginning to the end."

"Frederick, answer me a question. What

could so have prejudiced you against Mr. Carlyon?"

"I was not prejudiced against him. I declare to you, mother, that when I entered the chamber where the poor lady lay dead, I had not, and never had any prejudice against Mr. Carlyon. I had felt rather glad that he set up in the place, because papa and Uncle John were getting so worried with the extent of practice. It was when he was speaking of the draught that the conviction flashed over me that he was speaking falsely, deceitfully, and that he knew more about it than he would say."

"My boy, you have given me greater pain than I can express: I shall begin next to doubt whether you are bad. Do you think it right to give way to this feeling against Mr. Carlyon? Are you doing right in the sight of God?"

"We cannot help our convictions, mother. I have driven to put this one away from me, and I cannot."

"You have no proof, or shadow of proof, that can tell against Mr. Carlyon."

"No proof at all. It is an inward conviction."

"I should say an inward fiddlestick, Frederick, were the subject less awfully serious. Do you not deem that it would better become you to bring reason to bear upon it, than an inward conviction, vague and visionary? This young lady was a stranger, was she not, to Mr. Carlyon?"

"She was a stranger to us all, to him as well as to us."

"Very well. Do you suppose it possible, Frederick, that any man, with a spark of human feeling about him, could deliberately set himself to murder a stranger? We hear of murders taking place, but there is always a motive leading to the guilt. The very worst man, permitted to live on earth, the scum of the streets, would not poison a fellow creature for pasture; and Mr. Carlyon is an educated man, accustomed to the refinement which position gives; and, so far as I have seen, he is a pleasant and agreeable one. Frederick, what mistake, dark subtlety have you suffered to creep into your mind and pervert it? Here was a lady, young, nice-looking, friendly, lying upon a sick bed, in need of help, depending on that help upon her doctors, who had never seen her in their lives till called to her; and you would insinuate that one of them dropped some poison into her medicine to kill her! Allowing that your view of the case is the correct one (though I feel ashamed to allow it, even for the moment's argument), what motive could Mr. Carlyon have had in it?"

"I don't deny that it is shrouded in impenetrable mystery; and the want of apparent motive is the—"

"There goes your prejudice again, Frederick—the want of apparent motive."

"I'll say the want of motive then, mother, but even at your bidding I cannot get rid of the feeling against Carlyon; it has grown to be part and parcel of myself, and it creeps out in my words unintentionally. It is the want of motive which staggers me, and sometimes causes my judgment to reason that I must be mistaken, and am wronging Carlyon. I ask myself, what he thought to gain by it? Nothing, that I can see. I ask, what he has gained by it? Some accession of practice, but that is not sufficient motive."

"For shame, Frederick!"

"Dear mamma, I am sorry you are so disturbed, and I wish I had not mentioned it at all. I have lain awake night after night, thinking it over in all its phases; and I say that any probable accession of practice could not have been the motive. When the draught was delivered at Mother Gould's, Mr. Carlyon could not tell who had made it up; it might have been myself or Mr. Whittaker, and in that case papa could not have lost ground with his patients. Of course, now it has happened, he fans the flame against papa to get his patients, but he could not have entered upon it from that motive."

"He could not have done it at all; it is beyond the range of probability. Have you ever mentioned this to any one?"

"No, not in the way I have now spoken of it to you. I told Judith Ford, the day after the death, that if anybody did put poison in the draught, it was Mr. Carlyon, and not papa."

"Judith Ford? Oh, I remember—the young woman who lived at Mrs. Hopper's. How came you to say such a thing to her?"

"Judith was as angry about their accusing papa as I was; we were talking of it, and the remark slipped from me, in my anger. Judith was with the young lady in her illness, for she was out of place just then."

"What did she say to you?"

"She was startled, as you are, mamma; and would not listen to me."

"Has it ever been ascertained who the young lady was?"

"Nothing at all has been ascertained about her. It is not known who she was, or where she came from, any more than it was when she died."

"Well now, Frederick, let me give you a caution. Never you speak of this frightful suspicion again, and do all in your power to drive it from your own mind. However you can have allowed it admittance, and cherished it, is to me astounding, for so far as I can judge, it is utterly groundless. Have you re-

flected that a word of this, breathed abroad, might be taken up, and proceedings be instituted against Mr. Carlyon—that he might be tried for his life?"

"Hush! here's papa," whispered the boy, as he sprang up from beside the couch.

"Does he know of this strange suspicion of yours?"

"No, no, mother. I have told no one but you."

Mr. Stephen Grey came in, wiping his face as if he were heated, though the weather was cold.

"Mary," said he, as he sat down by his wife, "I think we shall have to make a move."

"A move, Stephen! what do you mean?"

"We must move from this place to one where the gossip of Stephen Grey's having supplied poison in mistake for safe medicine will not have penetrated. It gets worse every day, and John's temper is tried. No wonder; he is worked like a horse. Just now he came in, jaded and tired, and there were three messengers waiting to see him, ready to squabble among themselves which should get him first."

"I am really unable to go," he said, "I have been up with a lady patient all night and this morning, and am good for nothing. Mr. Stephen will attend for me." No; there was not one would have Mr. Stephen: their orders were, Mr. Grey, or nobody. John is gone, unfit as he is; but this sort of thing cannot last."

"It will wear John out. How extraordinary it is! Why should they be so prejudiced, in the face of facts?"

"I had a talk with John yesterday, and broached to him what has been in my own mind for some weeks. He and I must dissolve partnership; John must take a partner who will be more palatable to South Wrenock than I now am; and I must try my fortune elsewhere. If I am ruined myself, it is of no use dragging John down into it, and it would be little else, if I remained with him, for I believe the whole practice would leave us."

"Where can we go?" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, with a sinking heart.

"I don't know. Perhaps London would be best. That is the least likely place for the tale to have been carried, for, there, a man does not know his next-door neighbor. We may get on, or we may not; what little I have put by may have to be exhausted while I am waiting for practice; we must hope for the best."

"It is a great misfortune to have fallen upon us!" uttered Mrs. Grey.

"It is unmerited, Mary. That's my consolation."

"And a great consolation it is. I always think that an unmerited misfortune, one that no conduct or prudence of our own could avert, must come direct from God. Do not fear, Stephen. It may all turn out for the best in the end. I and Frederick were talking about the transaction when you came in. I wonder you did not send me the history of it in some of your letters."

"Where was the use? It might have caused you uneasiness, and it happened soon after you went away, when you were not in a state to be annoyed."

"Stephen, give me your candid opinion," said Mrs. Grey, "who do you think could have put the poison in the draught?"

Frederick, who was then standing at the window with his jacket thrown back and his fingers in his waistcoat pockets, ruminating, heard the question, and glanced round uneasily at his mother, lest she might be going to betray confidence.

Mr. Stephen lowered his voice; he always did when he spoke of it.

"The most mysterious part, the part I can't get over," said he, "is Carlyon's having smelt the poison when the medicine was delivered."

Frederick gave a cough, very peculiar and disbelieving. Mrs. Grey noticed it, but her husband did not. He continued:

"But for that fact, we might have some sort of data to go upon. In the first place, it might be regarded as possible—possible, I say, not probable—that the lady added the poison herself. Such things have been known, especially in these mysterious cases, and this poor young lady has not had a soul to inquire after her, no husband, no relations, no anything. It has been suggested that she might have stepped aside from the right path, and found her life a burden; I myself don't think so. In the second place, it has never been cleared up who the man was that Mr. Carlyon saw on the stairs that night; he, that man, whoever he may have been, may have put the poison in, and it has been thought that he did so. But both these hints of suspicion are done away with by the fact, that Carlyon smelt the prussic acid when the draught was first delivered. I can't get over that."

"What man did Mr. Carlyon see on the stairs?" demanded Mrs. Grey.

"He does not know himself; he seemed by no means clear that it was a man at all, or whether the moonlight might not have deceived him. I and John have talked it over many a time, we believe that some one was there, must have been concealed there, and we gave private directions to the police to try and discover who it was; but they could not."

"Frederick," called out Mrs. Grey, "do you hear what your papa says—that a man was concealed in the house that night? Did you know it?"

"Oh, yes, I knew it."

"The affair is a mystery altogether, nothing but mystery from beginning to end," said Mr. Stephen. "If it was a deliberate murder, as some suggest, it will be cleared, for murder will out, in one way or another."

"Frederick," whispered Mrs. Grey to her son, when they were alone, "if any man was concealed in the house, it is doubly wicked of you to cast an ill thought on Mr. Carlyon. That man may have been guilty."

"Then, mamma, what becomes of Mr. Carlyon's assertion—and he swore to it before the coroner—that he smelt the poison in the draught when it arrived?"

"True—true," deliberated Mrs. Grey.—"Good heavens, how full of mystery it seems to be!"

"But for Carlyon's having smelt the poison then, the strange man would come in for the odium, whether he deserves it or not. Some suggest that Mr. Carlyon only fancied he smelt it, and that the concealed man was Mrs. Crane's husband, who had followed her, and stolen in for the purpose of murdering her. Ay, and they believe it too."

"A far more likely hypothesis, shocking as it is, than that Mr. Carlyon poisoned his patient," returned Mrs. Grey.

And, good reader, though we don't want to put you on the scent, or off the scent, it was the ill-fated young lady's husband who destroyed her. Frederick Grey was too fond of crotchets.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TORN LETTER. AND A DISPUTE.

Back at the old house on the rise, living in private simplicity, was Lady Jane Chesney, her maid, and one other servant constituted her household. The day after her father brought home his wife, Jane spoke out plainly to him; that she and that wife could not live under the same roof. Of course it was Lady Jane who had to quit it, and it was arranged that she should reside at the small house at South Wrenock, which they had been hoping to let, furnished, the earl allowing her a certain sum yearly. She'd soon be tired of that, and come to her senses, the earl remarked.

She was really ill when she arrived, and she sent for Mr. Grey. He told her the illness was on the mind, and he could do little for her. Lady Jane knew how heavy her mind was, but she felt ill in body also.

One day when she was reclining in an easy-chair, weak and languid, the knock of a visitor was heard at the door, and Judith went to it. There stood Lady Laura Carlyon.

"How do you do, Judith?" she said. "Is Lady Jane at home?"

"She is at home, miss—my lady. But I am afraid you can't see her. I have orders to deny her to every visitor, no matter who. She is very ill."

"Go and tell her that I have come to see her, Judith, and hear what she says."

Judith did as she was ordered, but Lady Laura was not to be put off, and while Judith was informing her mistress who it was, in the walked. Whether Lady Jane wished to see her, or not, she could not turn her out now, and they were left together.

Laura Carlyon looked just as she looked as Laura Chesney, young and lovely, a damask color in her cheek, a brilliant light in her eye. She still wore that mourning for the Earl of Oakburn, for, like her family, she had put mourning on for him. A rich black silk gown, with broad black lace, and white tulle to net all glossiness and beauty. Lady Jane retained her hand as she gazed at her.

"You are happy, Laura?"

"Oh, so happy! But I want to be reconciled to you all. Papa is such a dreadful circumstance when he is crossed, but he need not hold out so long. And you, Jane, never to answer my letters, and to be here more than a fortnight without taking notice of me. Papa, I expect, forbade you to write to me."

"He wished me not."

"Of course, I knew that," spoke Laura, resentfully. "And has he forbidden you to come to my house—or to resolve me here?"

"No. But, Laura, let us enter into a thorough understanding, at first it may spare trouble to both of us, and perhaps some heart-burning. I must decline, on my own account, to visit you; I will receive you here and be happy to see you, whenever you please to come, but you perhaps will deem it better not to come frequently, when I tell you that I cannot receive Mr. Carlyon."

"Why will you not come to my house?"

"Because it is Mr. Carlyon's. I would prefer not to meet him."

"Is your prejudice against Mr. Carlyon to last for ever?" asked Lady Laura.

"I cannot say. I will confess that it is bitter against him at present. I did not like him, as you know, Laura; and his base conduct, with regard to you, has not tended to remove the dislike. My feelings must change very greatly before I can bring myself to extend the hand of acquaintance to Mr. Carlyon—and cordially to like him, I never can."

"And never will," retorted Laura, "if you persist in shutting yourself out from all intercourse with him. What could it hurt you, Jane, to meet my husband?"

"We will drop the subject," said Lady Jane. "to pursue it will be productive of no

HOW I TOLD MY LOVE.

BY EDWIN P. ROBERTS.

Oh, the glories of a sleigh ride in the sparkling, breezy air of a Canadian winter! The sky clear and exhilarating—brilliantly bright, but with a different degree of lucidity from that of a bright summer's day. Broad expanding plains—the city receding behind us, as the horses, leaping onward to the music of their chiming bells, make for the broad, boundless country. The fir-trees are clasped in a shadowy, ghostly slumber. Far away on our right are those pathless forest groves where the wolves aggregate in hundreds. To the left lies a ridge of hills sloping down to the river, which is locked up in the iron manacles of the Winter King. Ahead, and right before us—whether we are bound—over waste, and plain, and clearing—lies a snugly sheltered village, the headquarters of the "humbler" and the vagabond. Our destination is not quite so far.

This said destination is a broadly spread, low-lying farmstead, with its almost numberless out-houses, consisting of cattle-sheds and dairies, corn-stores, roofings for winter fodder, wood stacks, and other concomitants surrounding the dwelling, all palisaded by zigzag fences, as so many out-works to protect the comfortable citadel. Within it, warm fires blaze and sparkle from the huge and odorless logs crackling on the broad, bounteous hearth. In the great common chamber, raftered and picturesque as an antique gothic hall, are warm hearts and flashing eyes. Bearded men and fair women are there—laughing maidens, and strapping young hunters, who have just shaken the snow of their furs at the portals. Despite the stern, yet musical harmonies of the singing wind, as it goes by, stinging cheeks, biting noses into purple, and making the blood tingle, shouts of mirth and laughter rise above the hoarse blasts; and our leaping sleigh, gliding—flying along rather—to the music of the soft musical bells, is fast, fast approaching its terminus.

"In the meantime," asks the reader, "who occupy this sleigh?" I hasten to answer.

First, there was your humble servant, the narrator, Dick Harding by name, but a few months back from the banks of the Nile, with the "bar" in prospect, my "governor" having a snug interest in the India House. I add a few of my personal items. Rather good-looking, a fair shot, a stunning "stroke-out" can hit with wonderful vigor straight out from the shoulder, and five feet ten and—growing, can play the fiddle, a game of pool, and have the temper of an angel. I had been one of a party of adventurous sportsmen, "going in" for something worthy of Alexander, and, with fishing tackle, spears, and "shooting-irons," had done the considerable amount of the denizens of the Canadian woods and sounding "rapids," and hunted the bear in his own bold and picturesque fastnesses.

Enough of myself. Now for my companions.

Place our Dames therefore—for nesting by my side, wrapped up in rugs and warm furs, is Lota d'Arville—a bright-eyed, rosy-lipped, laughing Canadian, as lovely a girl-woman of seventeen as glances of man ever rested complacently upon. The Canadian mother and the French father were expressed in her name. Her playful lambent eyes had exercised their sovereignty upon me ere this, and the modulations of a voice unequalled for its low, soft sweetness, completed the young Nyren's triumph. This by the way, for we had exchanged no confidences as yet on a subject very near to my heart.

We were bound to a merry sleighing party at Windy Gap Farm—ostensibly to a hunt upon a vast waste, which accounts for my two rifles and ammunition lying in the sleigh, and for the noble deer-hound, the third "individual," who had curled up his great body at our feet, and aided to keep them warm. I had known her brother—a young officer in the Canadian Rifles—had killed "bar" at the "Salt-licks" with him; had met Lota and her family on board a St. Lawrence steamer, and was now a guest at their house, enjoying their frank and bounteous hospitality.

"Hurrah!" Through the keen, sonorous air, sleigh and horses bound along! "Cling—clang!" go the chiming bells. "Crack—crack!" goes the long-throated whip, with a sharp, cheery significance. My "Malawaska Carole," a sleigh which is the perfection of locomotion, is not less perfect than the fiery steeds, with their sinews of elastic steel, which I drive.

Driving sleigh-tandem is the easiest thing in the world, when you are used to it. I was a member of the "Tandem Club," and reckoned a crack hand, of course. I exulted in my skill now, as I bore my rosy companion flying through the air, and the whip went "crack—crack!" like a double-barrel going off, and the sweet bells sang and chimed. "Oh! sweet echoes of far-distant wedding bells," I thought, and the crisp dust was split and shattered into diamond-dust under the grinding of the hoofs and the attrition of the "runners," and with an exhilaration I could not repress, I gave a vigorous "hurrah!" which conveyed itself to Lota, wrapped up in moose and bear-skins, and warm as a toast. A sweet, girlish laugh echoed my exulting shout.

"You appear to enjoy this, Mr. Harding!" she said.

"If I don't—" "Crack—crack!" filled up the hiatus. What a pair of beauties! Phoebus Apollo never drove their like down the steep of heaven! The wily Ithacan never "raised" such cattle when he cleared the stables of Rheus of his horses! "Crack—crack!" and the horses neigh and toss their arching necks, and the bells are chiming and tinkling, and the mad, exulting rush uplifts one like wine.

I remark, to myself, that the sky has deepened into intense, still, darkening blue—darkening with a strange, unearthly, tenebrous inkiness, betokening a coming snow-storm. No matter—"Windy-gap" is right ahead, and the welcome lights will blaze out of the case-ments soon, for the afternoon is wearing.

On we go—but I do not see them yet; and yet—but no—it's all right!

"Are you warm—quite snug, dear Lota?" said I, half turning to look at the rosy, exquisite face peeping forth with so much furtive coquetry, from its encasement of white coy furs.

"Oh! so comfortable," she answered, with a nodding movement, and a smile which made my heart leap joyously upward. But my attention was called away to the creeping, crepuscular inkiness of the sky. It was light, yet not day-light, but blue-light—to coin a word; that wintry hue of livid darkening steel always the precursor to a fierce change in the weather. This only made the long level plains of snow gleam with a lustre the more dazzling and intense. I remarked this, but with a momentarily divided and wavering sense.

I had never (familiar as we had grown, and I was "homest" as the skin between your brows," as she was in fact)—I had never said "dear Lota" before, and the words were yet in mine ears like a sweet old burden. I loved her with all my heart and soul, but I had never told it. I yearned to tell her so now; but I thought it scarcely fair—not up to the mark of my manhood—to take what seemed an unfair advantage of the protection I was supposed to extend over her. I magnanimously resolved to wait—choking down the words—but not for long.

Meantime, "Crack—crack!" went the long whip, and still "cling—clang!" went the chiming bells, and the horses held on with unabated pace and splendid vigor, but—where had "Windy-gap" gone all this time, for time was up, and we should be there by this!

"Goodness!" exclaimed Lota, all at once, "how strange the sky looks; we shall have more snow—a heavy fall too."

"I fear so," I replied, "but 'tis impure, we'll soon be out of it."

"We are very long, I fancy," she continued, reflectively, "you have driven there quicker than this before. Oh, Heaven!" she cried, with the suddenness of a revelation, "can we have lost the track?"

The blank question harped with a horrible jar on my most vivid fears. Now or never was the time to be quite cool.

"No, I think not," I replied, with assumed carelessness, "we shall come to our land-mark, presently."

"A clump of fir—an old mill, farther on," she added, "I recollect; but we should have passed them long ere this. Oh, I fear we are lost!"

A cold chill seized me as I tacitly admitted that she was in the right. I could not account for my error, if such was the case. I looked round the horizon, but beheld no friendly sign; it was only a circle gathering closer, and growing darker the while.

Suddenly my brave deer-hound lifted up his head, and uttered a low growl. The horses gave a startled start just as suddenly. A strange, lugubrious, but appalling sound came all at once from whither, walling like a death-cry—a prolonged, awful, growling dissonance—over the white gleaming snow; and then it died away.

The horses halted trembling; only the shivering tinkle of the bells broke the death-silence that fell like eclipse over all.

"What is that?" asked Lota, in a shuddering whisper, as she clutched my arm.

I listened.

"It is the wind sighing, and dying away in the pine forest," I answered.

"And we do not go near the forest," she said. "Hark! there it is again. Oh, what—what can it be?"

Again indescribably hideous and lugubrious sound broke forth; clearer—nearer. It increased; it multiplied; the horrible crescendo, howling, shrieking, and raving, was so that of the wind this time.

"Merciful God!" gasped Lota, "the Wolves!"

I never understood, till that moment, what the concentrated essence of literal, deadly horror might mean. I never experienced the shock before, or since; and I have, in my hunting excursions, faced my danger and played out the game manfully. To have lost the way was terrible enough, but the wolves! and Lota! An instant I was numb and dumb.

It was true, however. The severity of the weather, the migration or severity of the animals on whom these unclean creatures preyed, had made their hunger a raging, devouring madness. They were encroaching on civilized territory, and losing their usual characteristic and craven cowardice—were approaching the habitations of men, haunting village and settlement. Woe to those in their path! As the infernal howl rose lingeringly again the horses darted away with a shrill neigh of fear, and I guided them—beginning to recover myself—in an opposite direction, while "Terror," my noble hound, stood up with every fang bared, and every hair erect, waiting for the enemy he had already sensed.

If my good horses had gone on so admirably at first, they sped off now like arrows from the bow, for the madness of fear added wings to their speed, as that of hunger did to our panting pursuers. I was growing cool, Lota was pale, but calm. I felt proud of her, though it were certain that if we escaped not speedily the beasts would run us down, and then, horror of horrors! what a fate for her!

I had two rifles, a revolver, ammunition, a spear, and a wood hatchet in the "sleigh." I conveyed my intention to Lota.

"Can you load these weapons with those cartridges?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer, and she loaded a "Fulmer" and a "Manton" with true hunter's skill. I took one rifle—looked back—the pack was increasing. I fired, and Lota loaded; and one after another fell, to be devoured by their ravenous comrades. And still the horses sped on.

The accursed things were, for all this, gaining ground. Doubts, fears, hopes, trembling were at my heart as I turned to the sweet girl whose life or death were all in all to me, and said:

"Lota! if we die together, remember that I loved you—now and then! I tell you now, if I may never again."

"Kill me first," she whispered, "I hear

your words; I echo them. You have my heart, Richard—"

"Oh, Lota! best beloved! what a moment to confess; and I know not if I feel pain or gladness most."

"There are now no secrets between us," said Lota, smiling; "take this rifle; give me—the pistol; one kiss—so! they come. Have me from them at any cost."

I thought my ears would have split at their dreadful yells, for they were now upon us, opening out to surround us; and though the horses held bravely on, I dreaded, every instant, that those terror would paralyze them. It is scarcely possible to conceive the unutterable horror that was circling as both; young lovers with beating hearts, forever, from that hour, interchanged with each other.

With lolling tongues, eyes of flame, hoarse, deep growls, they had ceased to bay and howl; they were closing in upon us. I remarked one huge monster in advance of the rest; his object evidently being to leap into the sleigh from behind. I fired—and missed him! The next moment his huge bulk came scrambling over the back; his paws were on me; his fiery breath on my cheeks; and I expected, as I murmured a short prayer, to feel the fangs of the abhorrent brute in my flesh. A flash—a crash—a gust of blood—and the creature tumbled backward, shot through the throat, to the spine, by my brave Lota! Then I piled hatchet, and split skull after skull, while the sleigh tore on; but I was giving up all hope, and turning round—Oh, heaven—to spare my darling a more hideous fate, when shots and shouts rang around, and troops of dogs and hunters came swiftly to our aid, and—we were saved.

Providence had directed the sleigh to "Windy-gap;" our direct reached the hearing of our friends, and brought them out in hot haste to aid us. We were saved; and as I bore her fainting form into the hospitable hall, and clasped her tenderly to my breast, you may guess how sincere was the gratitude I breathed in silence to Heaven.

It was the prelude to a wedding, which occurred soon afterwards; and you may be sure I never forgot my fight with the wolves, how nobly my noble Lota backed me, or the somewhat original, but *apropos*, mode in which "I Told My Love."

A LITTLE ROGUE!

I was sitting beside
My destined bride,
The still, sentimental day
"How long," said I,
"But to make you cry."
And I'd kiss the bright tears away!

Fair Gently blush'd,
Her voice grew hush'd,
I thought her word cry to be sure,
But she lay'd it to me,
"Prevention is better than cure!"

J. S.

How THE IRON DUKE WAS HUMILIATED.—Referring to the advance from the Duke to the Duke, the Duke stated that "he got famously taken in on that occasion. The troops had taken to plundering a good deal. It was necessary to stop it, and I issued an order announcing that the first man taken in the act should be hanged upon the spot. One day, just as we were sitting down to dinner, three men were brought to the door of the tent by the provost. The case against them was clear, and I heard nothing for it but to order that they should be taken away, and hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column in its march next day. I had a good many guests with me on that occasion, and among the rest, I think, Lord Nugent. They seemed dreadfully shocked and could not eat their dinner. I didn't like it much myself, but, as I told them, I had no time to indulge my feelings, I must do my duty. Well, the dinner went off rather gravely, and next morning, sure enough, three men, in uniform, were seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to the high road. It was a terrible example, and produced the desired effect; there was no more plundering. But you may guess what my astonishment was, when some months afterwards I learned, that one of my staff took counsel with Dr. Hume, and as three men had just died in hospital, they hung them up, and let the three captives return to their regiments."

"Wasn't you very angry, Duke?" was the question. "Well, I suppose I was at first, but as I had no wish to take the poor fellows' lives, and only wanted the example, and as the example had the desired effect, my anger soon died out, and I confess to you that I am very glad now that the three lives were spared."—*Giving's Life of Wellington.*

HOUSEHOLD HORRIBLES IN LONDON.—Why not? I remember once visiting a friend and expressing admiration of a bouquet of flowers that stood on the table. The lady of the house told me that she had picked them that morning from her garden, and asked me to take a walk in it. I expressed myself tired, and promised to come another day, as I knew, or thought I knew by the situation of the house, which was closely packed amongst neighbors, that the garden must be at least half a mile distant; she laughed, and asked me to follow her. We reached the staircase window, she stopped, drew up the blind, pushed open the window, and asked me to enter. It was no dream. There, on the roof of the tenement, was the garden prettily arranged, and by trellis-work made quite private. The plants, creepers, &c., were in boxes, the lead roof covered with sand; two sides of it were shut in by the walls of the house. It looked pretty, even luxuriant; there was no glass, as that article was then rather expensive. The second time I saw anything of the sort was on the top of a house in a town in Devonshire; there were no houses to shelter or screen the sun from it, but it was roofed or arched over by a trellis-work of wood painted green. I have often admired the Ivy growing over it, and thought I should like to have such a house myself.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

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SELECTIONS FROM THE DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF OUR MARY JANE.

SATURDAY, Dec. 14.—I thought I never should get cleaned; but when a misers have no feelings for a person whatsoever, and a master have three pair of shoes cleaned a day, though the poor man have called so many times for the misers for healing, and flies fit to bite the nose off your face if it happens so he you don't shut the library door behind you, which it's no wonder, when there aint been a drop of water in the tank for a week and it have all to be dragged from the plug, though there's lots of frost-out gardeners goin about with pails on their backs crying water and fetchin it a penny a pail—I hate such stingy ways! However, the brats is abed, and I only wish they had chilblains like me, with their turpentine!

But why brats? O Mary Jane, the monnik have arrived when you may contemplate children of your own, a cling on to your breast, though I'm sure I hope I shall never have a one like that there Horas, which I certainly should be the death of if he was mine, though I was hung for him. He'd be a happy release, he would—whacking me over the ed with the bolster, and blaming me when he knowed he put his boots in the baking dish himself! And there's Flisher (Pelicia?) she's always in the fender; and so it's no use.

But my brain is wandering and well it may be! What is there? Kivins! It gives me the creeps when I think of it! A trimmer runs through me as I recognize the soft illusion, though why illusion I'm sure I don't know, for you get it beautifully soft at the linen-draper's at one and elevenpence. One and elevenpence! O, one moment of that dear old illusion is worth a quarter's wages! What is wages compared to the treasure of a loving heart, which Mr. Whiffings is the loveliest that ever was. I'm certing, certing, certing sure! Look at his hair! Look at his finger! Look at them heym with love is bearing! I always said I couldn't love where there wasn't a fine ed of air; and of all the eds of air I ever did see, young Mr. Whiffings is the one. The minute I clapt eyes on him last Tuesday was a week, when out with the prambulator, I said to myself, "There's Mr. Right, if ever that person crast my path!" I declare I was so fluttered that I run the prambulator bang again his legs, soiling of his black trousers.

He smiled, the dear! such a smile—I couldn't help looking round for the life of me, when I see at a glimpse what a lovely fall in the back he had. Then he looked round too; when I shouldn't have stooped, only dear little Flisher began a screaming at that moment, with a pin in her back. Then he spoke, plitely offering to shove the prambulator up the hill a little ways. "With please, sir," says I, quite apperap; and the minute he took hold of the handle, I see he was a young addresser. Love me blind. It's the sharpest thing as is.

But I will all that before, on the very Tuesday night, and how he gave me his card, that I keep in my bosom. "William Whiffings (William's a sweet name!) Hairdresser and Perfumer, No. Easy Shaving. Try W.'s Anthracite Extract of Spherosins!" Oh, William, what a many times I read that dear card, and what a lot of paper I did spile, writin Mrs. Whiffings all over it!

Hark! It is time for the beer! Oh, W. my heart's bidden—if you should be waiting at the door, P. S. arpast 12.—I seen him. He seemed dreadful nappy. He mentioned bitted hopes, and had a pair of white kids on. Let em blow me up! I wasn't gone ten minutes for the beer. But it'll be o'kard if they don't let me go to church to-morrow evening, because William's promised to take me to Ivory Bars.

Sunday morn'g.—I give em warning said. A pretty how-do-do! I can't spell my own name for vexation! After I dished up to a minute after I went on my hands and knees to break the coke up small for to make em a comfortable fire; after I aired that old dressin gown of his'n till it quite smelt—the instant I mentions "May I go to church, please?" (just like that) there's a hindrance. "Oh, your master wants you to go to Mr. Tupper's in Hampton Road (that's a mile off) and ask whether little Johnny is quite recovered his measles." I measles em! I says "A servant's a Christian as well as you, man, and also flesh and blood; and I'm not going to inquire about anybody's measles of a Sunday night, Master Tupper's nor nobody else's." At that, master—he's a thing—jumps and says he "Leave the room, woman!" as fierce as backroom. So I says quite calm, "Don't worrit yourself, sir, I am going to leave the room; and I hereby give you warning; and my only wishes is to suit yourself as soon as convenient." And out I walks as large as life. After which, he looks the street-door.

Oh, my W! what agonies I felt when I heard your dear whistle outside! what remorse stole over my frame when I saw you through the blind in a white top coat knocking rat-tats with your walking stick on the pavement! And yet you looked so permissive—not at all hanging about, but quite the gentleman. I thought of Ivory Bars; I pictured me and you a walking up and down the arters arm and arm, and your cigar in your mouth, and me in my new Co. burg, and oh, praps we might have come home in a cab! Stead of which, there was you a freerin at the corner, and me with my nose as cold as ice up agin the window. Cass em! that's what I say, and all such cattle! Why his father only kep a shoemaker's shop, and that aint half so respectable as a performer. As for her! Well, when ignorance is bliss!

Dec. 16, Monday.—The little dindt boil till after 9, in consequence of the water bein froze and me takin a long time to break it. I don't care what they say, and its no matter about my character now; he's said everything that's honorable, and I got the letter. When the postman he rung, and sings out loud enough for them in the parlor to hear, "Miss M. J. Prawler," the stork comes in my throat so strong I couldn't help crowing like a coaching china. I knew it was not mother immediate, because she only writes on the outside Mary

Communicated by Mr. Frederick Greenwood. It has been suggested that the place of entertainment here alluded to is Highbury Barn.

Jane Prawler; but he loves me, and I told him I was lady's maid.

The letter was welcome as flowers in May; for oh what a night I had laying and teasing and worrying, what with because the darling might be affronted, and what with disappointment of Ivory Bars. I said to myself the very first thing I said in the morning when I woke, "Will he write?" He have, the noble, noble fellow; and I treasure the note as my latest breath. Twenty times have I perused it; and when firing the passages was so overcome that they was burnt to nothink before I come to. Let me describe it:

"Higg's Row, Sunday, midnight."

"The hopes of my heart are always being frustrated, and ever has been. It's a continual blight with me. Fate put an evil eye on me in the cradle, and have kep it there ever since. Never mind. What odds? I'm only a poor young youth, though of noble birth; and the sooner the silent tomb closes over me, the better I shall like it. Life is nothing without asperated love—and mockery! However, I have a razor. Why, angel of my existence, casting a halo round my desert path, did you not come out to-night? You are not deceiving me; I cannot believe that, though got quite a misanthrop lately, I'm so disgusted with the holiness of my speeches. It cannot be! Falsehood would cease to reign on that alabaster brow, and virtue speaks triumphant in those ale eyes! But why not come out? I walked from Higg's Row till I was in a perfuse state of preparation, never minding my new boots, which punished me severely. I arrived at the slated corner. No Mary Jane, I can't be a naven to compose myself, and waited in the highest impatience. No Mary, of course. I whistled merrily; and then a police came under the lamp alongside of me, keeping his eye on me in such a impudent manner, that if it had not been for alarming you, loved one, I should positively have struck him. Having had no tea, it was awful cold; and ever I stood under the lamp till my bosom was racked with despair like a serpent's nest for three quarters of a hour. A oath escaped my lips. I cast one maddening glance up to the winders, and strove away. My brain whirled round! Temptation came on me! O Mary Jane, the blue crest my path, to climb my cannot be a vortex of dissipation, and be lost for ever; and I was just going to enter one of those dens of infamy called gin pallices, when your image rose before me. 'No, Mary Jane!' I says, striking myself on the chest: 'No! I say what you may to me—deceitful, treacherous, or whatever you like; but I'll keep true to the first offer of my affection, though it drives me to a early grave.' So I got rid of the young person, and went home to my humble root. Mother tried to make me eat something before I went to bed (she aint usually so pressing,) but I only took pen and ink into my chamber to write to you. What I have to say is, as I tortuously spent the midnight lamp, I can't really love me. Do your affections in torrents flood in union with mine? If so, why not come out to-night? Let there be an end of this! You are mine, if I mistake not—mine only! You have said so with those lips of paradise, and heaven and earth doth ratify the said. Then why not chase all obstacles away that impair our union on earth, and for ever be mine! Mine! Prodigus word! I clasp it to my breast, where if you, dearest girl, was lying, happiness would be too much. Ho! then, my girl, what do you say? Have you confidence in me and the business? If so, say but one sweet word by return of post, and the hands is up! I can't say fairer, and for ever, I will not. One word by return! And now I seek my palate, to dream of thee. A 1000 kisses. Adieu, till death!"

"I remain, my fondest girl,
"Your devoted and affectionate,
"WM. WHIFFINGS, &c."

"P. S.—I strike a light to kindle a few verses of poetry, which I have composed tossing on my pillow:

"I'll think of her when midnight chimes
Are bristling on my ear,
And when the moon effulgence shines,
Then I'll remember her.
When shadows fit across my path,
And all is dark and drear,
And things in any way going wrong,
Then I'll remember her."

—There, now! And me, who never had so much as a valentine in all my life, to have such a letter as that of a sunding, and a offer! It was like—oh, I don't know what it was like! I seized an opportunity while she was a dressing (though at the time in the middle of my potatoes) and answered my W's affusion. Jugg of my feelings at a moment like this, when a woman casts the dye and can never be recalled. I said:

"16, Uffington Villas, Monday.
"Dearest and best of Men!"

"Your beautiful note came safe to hand, and I cannot, William, ascribe the sentiments it contains to my heart. Never ask me, for I couldn't, and it don't signify. William, why don't me? Your affections is returned with redoubled ardor. I love you, sweetest, quite delirious. I abandoning myself to your disposal, willing as matters to the stake, in joy or sorrow, in health and in sickness, across all your wishes, and smoothin your thorny pillow. William, you say if I say one word you'll put up the bands. A young girl trusts her prospects in you, and fluttrin, says—Then do. Only mind you please yourself. Don't mind me, William! I could bear it, I desay, though painful at first, and bringing me to a shadder! But I must now conclude. Believe me, hille of my existence. "Yours respectfully,
"MARY JANE PAWLER."

Dec. 22.—I writ to mother tellin her of my engagement, and asking her to send me up the teatray with the peacock on it that she always said I should have when I got settled. I knowed the big jng I was to have too was broke that Christmas when uncle Joe hit Father over the ed with it in consequence of not sendin for another pot; but the tray I will have. Mothers was never young themselves, I suppose, and their children aint flesh and blood. She's always writtin letters like this, and I don't like it, and so I shall just tell her, neither more or less.

Dear Mary Jane,
"Your father and me thinks you ort to be ashamed of yourself. Wot do you want of gettin married? You got a good roof for your ed, and a good bed to lay on, and you got good wages, and a bellful of holiness, wot more wot more do you want? Your father thinks you want a jolly good idin; and Godamity knows I don't wally the bit of drippin you sends home, or the mouthful of cold scraps for your poor little brothers and sisters, while your beelin on the fat of the land with hot jute. I desay he's no drunk but a penny barter, and you'd a grate deal better have a onest meancie like your own father, though heven knows you out to have seen ouuff of matter-mony with him. Outwork three munse-out of four, and never a rag to my back from cars end to cars end, and cummin home drunk reglar every Saturday night, and flourish me first thing. However, as you make you of your ed, so you may say on it. I tell you candid, it won't be any use cummin home to me after your married, which nothing's more likely. Your

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Little brother, and sisters shan't be robbed to stuff an openy barber whatsoever; and so it's no use saying, they shall. Little Jemmy will call to-morrow for that pair of Horas's trousers you was mentionin; he do want a pare dreadful, pore child.

"Your aff. Mother,
"SARAH JANE PAWLER."

Jan. 4.—Oh, what a evenin this have been! They was invited out with all the family, and I knowed they wouldnt be home all nite; so what does I do but light a fire in the sitting-room, and the shandybeers, and one of missus's gowns was laying on the bed, which her gowns fit me like a glove, and there was half a bottle of gin that they knowed nothing about, besides oranges and cetera.

So when William come waiting outside and expectin me to go for the beer, I calls him in, and there we was. I do think I lookt lovely in that gown, a blue morry antek. William said I looked magnificent; and we drewed the sofa up to the fire and had some hot gin and water, just as it was regular married. William was at first as melancholly as a howl; and when I put my hand to his furrid and says "What ails you, love?" he says, "my mother!" Themd found out that his mother's a tartar of the worst description. The things William told me of her, was enough to make ones blood run curdle. Of course, as William says, such a mother-in-law, in homes, I never could abear; neither would he wish it. So we set our wits to work, and arranges it espital. William's going to stand it no longer. He's got a unkel likewise a addresser, in Belgrave Square, New York, as will give him a half his business if he'll only go over. So William's made up his mind to sell the business in Higg's row quite private, so that the old woman shan't know, leave her twenty pounds to go into the chandlery line, and emigrate with me. When he put the question to me I burst into tears and says "William, I'd go with you to the ends of the world. Whatever anguish it costs me to tear myself from my parents, I'll never, never leave you!"

So I'm to send my boxes round to the Green Dragon at the corner of Higg's row on Saturday, which he'll send on with his own luggage to Liverpool; on Sunday I meets him, we git married, and off we go next day. If that aint lovely, what is?

January 7.—Sunday.—I ham done! That feller is a impostor, and I always had my suspicions of it. He was only a vistant of Mr. Whiffings, on busy nights. His real name's Walker.

He have gone off with my boxes and eleven pounds three wages saved, and what's wuss, I gave information to the police, forgetting in that moment of despair that Missus's morry antek were in the green one, and four pair of stockings in the banbox!

OMENS OF ARTISTS.—It is indeed remarkable that the most distinguished artists have not been born in an artistic sphere, or in a position of life more than ordinarily favorable to the culture of artistic genius. They have nearly all had to force their way upward in the face of poverty and manifold obstructions. Thus Gainsborough and Bacon were the sons of cloth-workers; Barry was an Irish sailor boy, and Madeline a banker's apprentice at Cork; Opie and Romney, like Inglo Jones, were carpenters; West was the son of a small Quaker farmer in Pennsylvania; Northcote was a watchmaker, Jackson a tailor, and Etty a printer; Reynolds, Wilson and Wilkie, were the sons of clergymen; Lawrence was the son of a publican, and Turner of a barber. Several of our painters, it is true, originally had some connection with art, though in a very humble way, such as Flaxman, whose father sold plaster-casts; Bird, who ornamented tea-trays; Martin, who was a coach-painter; Wright and Gilpin, who were ship-painters; Chantrey, who was a carver and glider; and David Cox, Stanfield and Roberts who were scene-painters.—*Self-Help.*

THE KORAN DISCOVERED.—Some time ago, a number of handkerchiefs were brought, or rather smuggled, into Mogador, having printed upon them passages from the Koran. One of them got into the hands of the Emperor, who, thinking the Christians were ridiculing the Sacred Book, ordered instantly all the cities of the coast to be searched to discover the offender who introduced them. Happily for the merchant, he was not found out. His Highness commanded that all the handker

CHRISTIE'S PORTRAIT.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Your tiny picture makes me yearn:
We are so far apart!
My darling, I can only turn
And kiss you in my heart
A thousand tender thoughts a-wing
Swarm in a summer clime,
And hover round it, murmuring,
Like bees at honey-time.

Upon a little girl I look,
Whose presence makes me sad.
I read as in a holy book—
I grow in sorrow glad!
It seems my darling comes to me
With something I have lost,
O'er life's tossed and troubled sea,
On some celestial coast.

I think of her when spirit-bowed:
A glory fills the place!
Like sudden light on swords, the proud
Smile flashes in my face
And others see in passing by,
But cannot understand,
The vision shining in mine eye,
My strength of heart and hand.

Our Christie is no rosy grace,
With beauty all may see.
But I have never felt a face
Grow half so dear to me!
No curling hair about her brows,
Like many merry girls,
Well, straighter to my heart it goes,
And round it curls and curls!

Meek as the wood anemone glints
To see if heaven be blue,
Is my pale flower, with her sweet tints
Of Heaven shining thro'
She will be poor and never fret,
Sleep sound and lowly lie,
Will live her quiet life, and let
The great world-storm go by.

That grave content and touching grace
Bring tears into mine eyes:
She makes my heart a holy place,
Where hymns and incense rise.
Such calm her gentle spirit brings,
As—smiling overhead—
White-stained saints with peaceful wings,
Shadow the sleeping dead.

Dear love! God keep her in his grasp,
Meek maiden or brave wife!
Till his good angels softly clasp
Her closed book of life.
And this fair picture of the sun,
With Birthday blessings given,
Shall fade before a glorious one,
Taken of her in heaven.

MAROCCO.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Although our diplomatic intercourse with Morocco (or Morocco as it is often spelt) began so far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, no Englishman has yet been able to travel in the interior of that country without special permission; so that, in spite of its being considerably within a week's sail of us, it is not much less unexplored and unknown than the empire of China. The hatred of the Marroquines to all Europeans was formerly, indeed, a little shaded off and mitigated with respect to Englishmen; but since they beheld British men-of-war looking quietly on while the French destroyed Mogador, they have, it seems, considered "the English" to be as vile dogs as any other Christian folk. The modes and maxims of the court are procrustean, plausible delays, and voluminous dispatches and communications, which are carried on through the hands of intermediate and subordinate agents of every rank and degree. It is the "Circumlocution Office" with a vengeance, an unapproachable and barbarous emperor being its chief clerk.

The great object of Muley Abd Errahman (the late Emperor of Morocco) is—nay, the pursuit of his whole life has been—to get the whole of the trade of the empire into his own hands. In fact, he has by this time virtually succeeded, though the thing is less ostentatiously done than by the Egyptian viceroys, that equally celebrated prince-merchant. In order to effect this, his Sherifian majesty seeks to involve in debt all the merchants, natives or foreigners, tempting them by the offer of profuse credit. As many of them are needy and speculative, this imperial boon is, without scruple, greedily accepted. The emperor likewise provides them with commodious houses and stores; gives them at once ten or twenty thousand dollars' worth of credit, and is content to receive in return monthly instalments. These instalments never are, never can be, regularly paid up. The debt progressively and indefinitely increases; and whilst they live like so many merchant-princes, carrying on an immense trade, they are, in reality, leeches and slaves of the emperor. They are, however, styled imperial merchants, and wear their golden chains with ostentatious pride. As a specimen of the commercial system of the country, Richardson tells us that the day after he arrived at Tangier the monopoly of leeches was sold to a Jew for twenty-five thousand dollars. The Jew, then, of course, refused to buy leeches except at his own price, while every unfortunate trader was obliged to sell to him and him only. Similarly, the great leech, Monopoly, sucks the life-blood of every species of commerce in Morocco; while, in addition to that disadvantage, the Moors are dishonest and shuffling to an extent which is even more than a match for the Neapolitan government itself.

A whimsical story is current in Tangier respecting the dealings of the Sherifian court with the Neapolitan government, which characteristically sets forth Moorish diplomacy or manoeuvring. A ship-load of sulphur was sent to the emperor. The Moorish authorities declared it was very coarse, and mixed with dirt. With great alacrity, the Neapolitan government sent another load of finer and better quality. This was delivered, and the consul asked the Moorish functionaries to allow the coarse sulphur to be conveyed back.

These worthies replied: "O dear, no! it is of no consequence; the emperor says he will keep the bad, and not offend his royal cousin, the king of Naples, by sending it back." The Neapolitan government had no alternative but to submit, and thank the chief of the Sherifs for his extreme condescension in accepting two ship-loads of sulphur instead of one.

Unfortunately, greater nations than the Neapolitans are in the habit of submitting to Marroquine injustice, framing their treaties—or, as they are justly, though infamously designated "capitulations"—with the Moorish authorities upon the most cringing and propitiatory bases. The French carry their complaisance even to the extent of hoisting the tri-colored flag for the transport of slave canoes bound for the Sherifian haven, and we ourselves have only recently refused to offer it that ignominious accommodation. We, however, are more concerned in the work of conciliation than our neighbors, on account of the vast importance to us of maintaining friendly relations with the power that mainly supplies Gibraltar with provisions; the treaty concerning which seems to be tacit or secret, since it does not appear in any of the state-paper documents.

Very funny stories are told by the masters of the small-craft who transport the bullocks from Tangier to the British Rock. The government of the Moorish town are only allowed to export at a low duty per annum, a certain number of bullocks. The contractor's agents come over; and at the moment of embarking the cattle, something like the following dialogue ensues:—

Agent of Contractor.—Count away!
Captain of the Port.—One, two, three, &c. Thirty, forty. Ah! stop! stop! too many.

Agent of Contractor.—No, you fool; there are only thirty.
Captain of the Port.—You lie! there are forty.

Agent of Contractor.—Only thirty, I tell you (putting three or four dollars into his hand.)

Captain of the Port.—Well, well, there are only thirty.
And in this way the garrison of Gibraltar often gets 500 or 1,000 head of cattle more than the stipulated number at five dollars per head duty instead of ten. Who derives the benefit of peculation, I am unable to state. That somebody, however, derives some pretty pickings thereby, there is no doubt.

No one who is acquainted with the system of eastern despotic governments, can wonder that their public functionaries make hay while the sun shines, and put the screw on their unfortunate inferiors while their short-lived power lasts. It is rare indeed, for a governor of a town, or great official of any kind, to hold his post for a lifetime. The bashaws are all thrown into prison sooner or later, and the money that they have extracted from others, pressed in turn, out of themselves, to swell the imperial treasury. They are commonly very obstinate about giving it up, but the emperor is at least equally firm. The application of cold water immediately after that of the bastinado is found to be exceedingly efficacious in producing the discovery of the hole where the money is hidden. Millions of dollars lie buried by the Arabs in Marroquine earth at this moment, the half of which perhaps will never be found, the owners and sole possessors of the secret having expired before they could point out their hidden treasures to their relative—a duty which, for obvious reasons, they delay until the very last moment. Money is often buried in this way by tribes who have nothing to fear from sheik or sovereign; it is just as it is ours to intrust it to Joint-stock banks. The Arabs, therefore, who cannot comprehend how European tourists can undertake such long journeys as they do for archaeological purposes, give them credit for a material object in their researches among heaps of old stones, and are proportionally jealous of their examinations. The old captain of the port of Tangier has been no less than twelve times in prison under the exhausting pressure of the emperor. After the imperial miser has copiously bled his captain, he lets him out to fill his skin again; and the old gentleman is always merry and loyal, in spite of the treatment of his taskmaster. The bashaws adopt similar measures with their inferiors. Colonel Warrington was one day representing to the bashaw of Tripoli the gross manner in which his functionaries robbed everybody, and took the liberty of mentioning the name of one person.

"Yes, yes," observed the bashaw: "I know all about him. I don't want to catch him yet; he is not fat enough. When he has gorged a little more, I'll have his head off!"

Even on what was formerly their own element, the sea, the degenerate Moors are now become worthless and contemptible. The "Bovers of Salée," who in old times cruised off the very coasts of England, and defied its fleets, can scarcely now conduct a vessel from Mogador to Gibraltar; while the whole naval force of the once dreaded pirate states of Barbary can boast of but half-a-dozen badly manned brigs or frigates. The Moorish bark which conveyed us ashore at Mogador was a mere long shell of bad planks, and scarcely more ship-shape than the trunk of a tree hollowed into a canoe, leakily put together. It was filled with dirty, ragged, half-naked sailors, whose seamanship did not extend beyond coming and going from vessels lying in the little port. Each of these Mogadorian port sailors had a bit of strait pole for an oar; the way in which they rowed was equally characteristic. Struggling against wind and current, with their Moorish rials at the helm, encouraging their labors by crying out first one thing, then another, as his fancy dictated, the crew repeated in chorus all he said. "Khobash!" (a loaf) cried the rials.

All the crew echoed "Khobash!"

"A loaf you shall have when you return!" cried the rials.

"A loaf we shall have when we return!" cried the men.

"Pull, pull; God hears and sees you!" cried the rials.

"We pull, we pull; God hears and sees us!" cried the men.

"Sweetmeats, sweetmeats, by Heaven!"

"Sweetmeats, by Heaven, you shall have, only pull away!" swore the rials.
"Sweetmeats we shall have, thank God!"—sweetmeats we shall have, thank God!" roared the men, all screaming and hawling. In this unique style, after struggling three hours to get three miles over the port, we landed, all of us completely exhausted and drowned in spray.

These Moors, like a not altogether extinct class of Christians, hold language, even when performing the most wicked acts, of extreme piety and devotion, and will interrupt their deeds of rapine and cruelty—should the hour for worship intervene—with prayers of complete decorum. The chief articles of their religion seem to be, to keep Friday sacred, and to hate Jews and Christians. As these latter, of course, respectively reverence the next two days of the week, the Sabbatharian question attains in Morocco a threefold importance; and the inconvenience of so many successive Sundays often makes men rebels to their creed.

The Jews are exceedingly numerous in Northern Africa, and in spite of persecution and confiscation, its richest and most important mercantile. Richardson, whilst in Mogador, assisted at the celebration of one of their general weddings, to which all the native Jewish aristocracy were invited.

"The festivities beginning at noon," he says, "I first entered the apartment where the bride was sitting in state. She was elevated on a radiant throne of gold and crimson cushions, amidst a group of women, her hired flatterers, who kept singing and hawling out her praises. 'As beautiful as the moon is Rachel!' said one. 'Fairer than the jessamine!' exclaimed another. 'Sweeter than honey in the honey-comb!' ejaculated a third. Her eyes were shut, it being deemed improper to look on the company, and the features of her face motionless as death, which made her look like a painted corpse. To describe the dresses of the bride would be tedious, as she was carried away every hour and redressed, going through and exhibiting to public view, with the greatest pomp, the whole of her bridal wardrobe. Her face was artistically painted; cheeks vermilion; lips browned with an odoriferous composition; eye-lashes blackened with antimony; and on the forehead and tips of the chin little blue stars. The palms of the hands and nails were stained with henna, or brown-red, and her feet were naked, with the toe-nails and soles henna-stained. She was very young, perhaps not more than thirteen, and hugely corpulent, having been fed on paste and oil these last six months for the occasion. The bridegroom, on the contrary, was a man of three times her age, tall, lank, and bony, very thin, and of sinister aspect. The woman was a little lump of fat and flesh, apparently without intelligence, whilst the man was a Barbary type of Dickens's Fagan."

The Jews, notwithstanding their character for driving a good bargain, have not much chance with the natives, nor is any complaint of theirs listened to by a magistrate, no matter how unjustly they may have been dealt with. They teach their children, it is true, that it is right to rob Mussulmen, but it is only to put them on an equality with the latter, who will be quite sure to rob them. The Moors are born thieves, and need no sort of teaching. Almost every tradesman and every imperial merchant have two sets of weights—one to buy, and another to sell with. A merchant once had the impudence to cry out to his clerk when weighing: "Oh, you are wrong; these are my selling weights; bring me my buying weights. Am I not buying?" The government not only winks at the dishonesty of its subjects, but when the matter lies between one of the Faithful and a Jew, or Christian, it will not, and dare not, administer justice. Muley Suleiman was a great admirer of the European character, and was much attached to a Mr. Leyton, an English merchant. This merchant was one day riding out of the city of Mogador, when an old woman rushed at him, seized the bridle of his horse, and demanded alms. The merchant pushed her away with his whip. The ancient dame seeing herself so rudely snubbed, went off screaming revenge; and although she had not had a tooth in her head for twenty long years, she noised about town that Mr. Leyton had knocked two of her teeth out, and impudently the governor to obtain her some punctual indemnification. His excellency advised Mr. Leyton to comply, and get rid of the annoyance of the old woman. He resolutely refused, and the governor was obliged to report the case to the emperor, as the old lady had made so many partisans in Mogador as to threaten a disturbance. His imperial highness wrote a letter to the merchant, commending him for his refusal, and to supply the old woman with "two silver teeth," meaning thereby to give her a trifling present in money. Mr. Leyton, being as obstinate as ever, was ordered to appear before the emperor at Morocco. Here the resolute merchant declared that he had not knocked the teeth out of the old woman's head; she had had none for years, and he would not be maligned even in so small a matter. The emperor was at his wit's end, and endeavored to smooth down the contumacious Leyton, to save his capital from insurrection; imploring him to comply with the *ter talamus*, and have two of his teeth drawn, if he was inflexibly determined not to pay. The poor emperor was in hourly dread of a revolution about this tooth-business, and at the same time he knew the merchant had spoken the truth. Strange to say, Mr. Leyton at last consented to lose his teeth rather than his money. However, on the merchant's return from the capital to Mogador, to his surprise, and no doubt to his satisfaction, he found that two ship-loads of grain had been ordered to be delivered to him by the emperor, in compensation for the two teeth which he had had punched out to satisfy the exigencies of the empire.

Some chapters of Richardson's work are devoted to the cities of the interior of Morocco, but the information we derive from them is either absolutely nothing, or of that vague and uncertain character which we possess already. Morocco itself is a gloomy and half-bruised city, though occupying an area of seven miles in circumference, and Fez is the real capital and the seat of commerce. The population of the latter town is variously estimated at from 40,000 to 80,000, and there seems to be a similar variance in almost every other statement concerning it; nor is this uncertainty to be wondered at, since so bigoted are its inhabitants, that no European can walk undisguised in its streets without an escort of military. It was lately the head-quarters of those fanatics who preached "the holy war," and involved the emperor in hostilities with France. As for Timbuctoo, Tenyson, even in his undergraduate days, depicted it most truly; first giving us the golden dream of it, and then the sad reality.

Child of man,
See it thou yonder river, whose translucent wave,
Forth issuing from the darkness, windeth through
The argent streets of the city, imaging
The soft inversion of her tremulous domes.
Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,
Her fountains bubbling with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of ranged chrysolite,
Minarets and towers? Lo! how he passeth by,
And gulf himself in sands, as not enduring
To carry through the world those waves, which bore
The reflex of my city in their depths.

Oh, city! oh latest throne! where I was raised
To be a mystery of loveless
Unto all eyes, the time is well nigh come
When I must render up this glorious home
To keen Discovery: soon your brilliant towers
Shall darken with the weaving of her sword;
Darken, and shrink and shiver into bits,
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
Low-built, mud-walled, barbarian settlements.
How changed from this fair city!

With regard to the military array of Morocco, Richardson has nothing formidable to say of it except with respect to its numbers. The disposable force of the Mogador district is about 70,000; but the different bodies which compose it can never safely be brought together. Alluding to the quarrel of the sultan with the French, these hostile tribes muttered to each other: "We must kill our own French first!" that is, their own hereditary enemies. "I went out to see the two levies. These tribes had a singularly wild and savage aspect, with only a blanket to cover them, which they wrap round and round their bodies, having neither caps on their heads nor shoes on their feet. They were greatly excited against the Christians, owing to the foolish conduct of the Moorish authorities. The lawless bands spat at me and every European passing by them, screaming with threatening gestures: 'God curse you! Infidels!'

If we rise from the perusal of Mr. Richardson's volumes with little sympathy for that effete European race which is now directing its decaying energies against its old oppressors, we have certainly no hope of benefit to mankind from any victory that may be gained by the Moor.

THE LAWYERS OUTRAGE.—Signor Dandini was a foreign refugee, living in the neighborhood of Leicester Square. We cannot give any more precise account of his whereabouts, as the signor's address had always been kept a most profound secret—several of his creditors, in fact, being most anxious to penetrate the mystery. The signor picked up a living by translating documents from foreign languages for different houses in the city. One day a letter arrived, addressed to the signor, at one of these houses, stating that if he would call on the next Thursday, at two o'clock, at the offices of Messrs. Skinnum and Katum, solicitors of — street, they would be happy to arrange with him about a translation which would probably bring him in a pretty considerable sum. The signor was in a dilemma. The pretty considerable sum would be most acceptable, of course; but then he had strong objections to throwing himself in the way of unknown solicitors. However, at the time appointed, a foreign-looking individual presented himself at the office of Messrs. S. and K., and handed in the letter addressed by that highly respectable firm to Signor Dandini.

"I have received this letter," said he, with a strong German accent.

"Ah, to be sure," said Skinnum, the principal partner, who happened to be present, "Signor Dandini!"

The foreign-looking individual bowed, with out speaking.

"Ah, my dear sir," continued Skinnum, smiling, "the fact is, I am sorry we have been compelled to have recourse to a little stratagem, but not knowing your address, we had no other means of getting at you—I have to serve you with this writ!"

The foreign-looking individual did not seem in the least surprised. He answered—

"Hah, yes, mein dear sir. But we have had recourse to one little stratagem too. I am not Dandini. I am a friend of his. He was afraid of this—so asked me to come to see about your letter. Good morning, mein dear sir."

The foreign-looking individual left the office, and Messrs. Skinnum and Katum confessed they had been "done."

WELLINGTON ON A FRENCH INVASION OF ENGLAND.—There was a dinner, at which the conversation turned on the chance of a French invasion—

"A good many of the officers of the garrison were present, when a gentleman, not, an officer, put the question, 'But, Duke, do you really think that an invasion of England by France is possible?' 'Possible!' replied his Grace, 'is anything impossible?' Read the newspapers." He said no more while dinner lasted; but when the company had retired to the drawing room, he took his questioner apart, and entered with him in the fullest manner into the whole subject. "And I'll tell you what, the observed, 'the French would have an immense advantage over us, even if we were prepared to oppose a landing, because they would be able to see further and better than we.' 'How is that?' was the natural question. 'Why thus. They start at midnight, and arrive off our coast just before sunrise. The dawn, which renders everything clear to them, will not enable us to observe what they are about. They will have a full half hour of light before we shall be able to distinguish between the line of beach and the line of sea; far less to observe boats in motion. And let me tell you, that in calm weather, and with preparations well settled beforehand, a great deal may be done towards throwing troops ashore on an open beach, in half an hour.'—Gleig's Life of Wellington.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S PRIVATE LIFE.

It is not to be supposed that the Duke, successful as he was in great affairs, passed through life without his own share of private and domestic trials. Perhaps the very turn of his mind, and the constant dedication of his energies to the public service, in some degree unfitted him for the quiet enjoyment of domestic life. Perhaps, as often happens, where blame is scarcely attributable to either party, he was ill-matched in his domestic relations. Be this as it may, it would be idle to conceal the fact that the Duke's home, properly so called, was never a sunny one. It is certain that his confidence was much more largely given out of the domestic circle than within it; and for this reason, even when not abused, it scarcely filled up the measure of his aspirations. In moments of despondency, of which the crowd saw nothing, he has been heard to say, "There is nothing in this world worth living for." Yet no man felt more acutely than he, the pang of severance from those to whom any share of his affections was given. From his mother, as we have elsewhere explained, he experienced in youth and early manhood little else than neglect. As he grew into fame, pride with her expanded into affection; and when she died, at the advanced age of ninety-six, he mourned for her with sincere sorrow. So also the death of the Duchess, on the 22nd of April, 1831, touched him keenly. They had seen comparatively little of each other for years. There was no natural congeniality between them in tastes, habits, or pursuits; and, unfortunately for both, the Duchess, while she doted on her husband, never appears to have thought it necessary to adapt her own views of things to his. Hence alienation stole in, which there were no opportunities of living down, though it never resulted in a formal separation. But during her last illness, he was indefatigable in his attentions to her; and when she ceased to breathe, he evinced great emotion. She was buried at Stratfieldsaye, the Duke following her to the grave; indeed, he descended into the vault after her remains had been deposited there, and remained some time alone with them. Other deaths which occurred no great while afterwards, and among them that of his trusted friend Mrs. Arbuthnot, made also a deep impression upon him. For a more tender heart than his never beat in human bosom, though he put constant restraint upon himself to hide his feelings; and, except on such occasions as these, generally succeeded.—Gleig's Life of Wellington.

THE BIRTHDAY WAR.—It is strange enough that a nation which is the offspring of war and conquest—the essence of fighting races—with the blood of Viking, Norman, Saxon, and Celt, and who knows what infusion of Roman!—running in its veins—should have always exhibited a certain amount of contempt for military sciences, and for pure soldiery. No people on earth are more martial; but none know so little, or care less, about the principles of war. We English have never invented a system of fortification, though it cannot be said we did not need castles even when our fleet protected our shores. We have never organized a military system, or even an order of battle. All improvements in implements of war, except Armstrong's gun, which has yet to be tested in actual service, have come from abroad; and such grand discoveries and immense improvements as we have made in the mechanical arts are, in a military sense, apparently more advantageous to our neighbors than to ourselves. Our treatises on the science of war are translations, mere fragmentary essays, or dry text-books and manuals. It seems as if, in our undoubted power of fighting, we scorned all adjuncts; and, indeed, not a few even now maintain that the introduction of Minerva to the British Mars will terminate in the youth's entire ruin.—Army and Navy Gazette.

AN ORPHAN IN A CHINA-SHOP.

BY J. HOLLINGSHEAD.

During the time that I collected the water-rates for the district of Saint Moses and Saint Levy, Upper Chelsea, I became acquainted with an old crockery merchant, named Joe Hamper. Joe was always ready at any time to detain me an hour to tell me his history, which was mixed up in some way with that of a person who had deeply injured him. By degrees I got at the knowledge that this person was an orphan, and that Joe considered himself called upon at every opportunity to dispel a good-hearted illusion under which the public were supposed to be laboring.

"Orphans, Master Water-rate," he said slowly, in a hoarse voice, always calling me by this title, "orphans are all werry well in their way, but orphans ain't hangers."

This was his theory; and he thought his experience could prove it.

Joe Hamper was once a street hawker; going up and down the terraces and round the squares with a very heavy basket of plates and dishes on his arm. What with tramping about all day, and sleeping all night, he never found time to get married; and being of steady and industrious turn, he was able at last to throw away his basket, and transfer his load to a donkey and cart. After serving him faithfully and profitably for some years, the donkey died; and as Joe had always treated it as a child, and it had always looked upon Joe as a father, he never bought another, but started at once as a responsible shopkeeper. He took a long street building at the corner of a large shed just off the main Chelsea road, and from that hour he was a regular crockery merchant.

He went to very little expense in his new establishment for more reasons than one. He found that he and a boy could do all the work at starting; and he therefore engaged nobody but a steady lad, who had been recommended from a glass-shop. Another reason for his economy was a sick sister, who had been left a widow by her husband falling off a scaffolding while at work as a stonemason. She had one child—a boy about nine years of age—and she was sinking rapidly in a consumption. Joe did all he could to make her comfortable; and she wanted for nothing while she lasted.

She did not live at the china-shop, because

that was *just* more than a shed, where Joe and the boy used to cook their meals, and sleep at night; but a clean lodging was taken for her not far off, where Joe could run over sometimes for five minutes, during the least busy parts of the day.

One morning he was sent for before his shutters were down, and he was not surprised to find her dying.

"Yer see, Master Water-rate," he said, "I'd 'ad a hoven all the afternoon afore, for a blind at one of my side windows kep' a-comin' down of its own accord; an' I see to the boy, who was a standin' among the show of crock'ry boutside the door, 'It strikes me that blind knows what it's about better nor we do.' I might 'ar' sed more, for I felt I wanted some 'un to talk to, but the boy looked so werry nervous that I sent 'im to luke 'ome a woggy dish."

To use Joe's expression, his poor sister was nothing but a "bag of bones," and she knew that she could not last out the day.

"Joe," she said, very feebly, "you've been very good to me, an' I didn't ought to put upon you any more; but there's poor Neddy; I don't like to die an' leave 'im where he is, because I know he ain't appy."

Neddy was her son; who was occupied in minding the shop, and doing odd jobs, at the Golden Street, a large shoe warehouse in the High Street.

"What's the matter with the boy, Mary?" said Joe; "ain't he well fed?"

"No, Joe," she replied, even more faintly, "it ain't that; but he's a mopey away amongst them boots. He never gets out, night or day; an' there he sits, hour 'a' hour, with nothin' to look at but bunches o' boots on the floor, bunches on 'em all along the collin', an' bunches on 'em agen the wall."

"Well, Mary," said Joe, "that ain't werry lively, noways."

"No, Joe," she continued, "especially when he has to sleep among 'em all night. But this ain't all. They open the shop on Sundays afore church time, when he has to be there, an' a'ter this they make 'im sit in a upper room to mind the 'ouse when they go out, lookin' at a great wooden boot as large as a pony, painted all red and yallar, an' nailed agen the wall across the window."

"Well," said Joe, "that ain't werry lively, neither."

"He's not the same boy," she went on, still more faintly, "as he was six months ago, an' sometimes I fancy he's a little wrong in his 'ed."

She began to cry at this point, as much as her strength would allow her; and this decided Joe's mind about the boy.

"You know, Mary," he said, "that I think feren's an' relations is best kept in bus'ness, an' that's why I never bothered to bring the lad into my shop. 'Course, as you seem to take on so much about 'im, an' we ain't all ekal to fightin' our way alone in the world, you set your poor mind at rest, for I'll be 'ave to 'im as if I'd bin his father."

Joe's sister died that afternoon, and he ordered a respectable funeral to be got ready by Sunday. They had one of those hackney-coach looking vehicles where the coffin is put in the front, and the mourners sit in a small, four inside compartment behind. It did very well in this case, because there were only Joe and his nephew to follow.

Going to the cemetery, as well as coming home, Joe had a long opportunity of watching the boy, who did not seem to be much affected about his mother's death. He was a quiet, heavy, sulky boy, and very clumsy in his movements. His boots were fearfully thick, and he had a way of flinging his legs about, as if they were merely dangling from their sockets.

After the funeral they did not return direct to the shop, as Joe thought that would be rather dull; and he got the coachman to drop them out near the Hammersmith road, where they went into a coffee-shop to get some tea. While Joe was spelling out some murder trial in an old newspaper, he heard a crash, and, looking up, he found the boy had split his cocoa all over the box in which they sat, besides smashing the basin which contained it, and a cheese-plate, and cracking a salt-cellar that stood upon the table.

As he looked very foolish, Joe made no remark to him, but quietly asked the waiter what was to pay.

"Well," he said, "I suppose we mustn't lay it on too thick for the breakage—call it three-an' nine."

"Call what three-an' nine?" inquired Joe.

"One coffee, one cocoa, four thick shoes, salt-cellar, beam an' plate."

"No, you don't," said Joe, with some little pride in showing his information. "A lob'll cover the chancy, as I knows well enough; an' we'll settle for the wittles by itself."

Joe clinched this remark by presenting one of his business cards, and the bill was at last paid with one and sevenpence halfpenny.

"Now, young fellow," said Joe to the boy, "my shop's full of this 'ere crock'ry ware from one hand to the other; an' if you ain't more careful nor this in future, you an' me won't hit it together no more."

"Werry well," returned the boy, and that is the only remark he made for the next hour or two.

Before they went home for the night, they turned into a chapel near Joe's shop, where there was a good deal of singing.

The boy was rather shyly, perhaps, was natural at his age, but Joe, who felt very low spirited at his day's work, was cheered by the music and the company, as it was the place where his sister used to go before her death, when she was well enough to walk about.

When Joe awoke on the Monday morning he felt a great weight upon his heart, and it was some time before he exactly understood the cause. It came across him, however, as he saw his nephew, and he recollected what he had undertaken to do.

The first shock he received was a quarrel between the two boys, as they were taking down the shutters; for Joe had not turned out the old boy to make way for the new one.

"Now, then," said Joe, more particularly to his nephew, who seemed to be in the wrong, "let us quite understand one another afore we

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Wit and Humor.

A DISCONSOLATE WIDOW.

After nine miles of the most lonesome, dreary and hilly road that ever mortal man travelled, I came in sight of what I supposed to be the widow's house. It was a low cabin at the foot of a hill, with a tremendous oak in front of it. I saw somebody sitting under the tree, and, as I approached nearer, I discovered that it was a woman, with her face buried in her hands, and weeping violently. As soon as I reached the spot, I addressed her somewhat in the following manner:

"I do not wish to be impertinent, madam, but I feel some concern to know what is the matter with you?"

"Oh! too-hoo-ee! too-hoo-ee!"

"My dear madam, what is the matter?" I demanded, becoming really concerned at the manner in which she was acting. She kept up her agony of distress, while a group of six or seven children began to come from the neighboring bushes and gather close around her.

"Madam," I cried, "in the name of all that's good, tell me what ails you!"

"Oh, stranger," she exclaimed, raising her eyes, bloodshot with weeping, "my too-hoo-ee! too-hoo-ee! too-hoo-ee!"

"My dear madam, what is the matter?" I demanded, becoming really concerned at the manner in which she was acting. She kept up her agony of distress, while a group of six or seven children began to come from the neighboring bushes and gather close around her.

"My dear madam, do not give up to distress. Heaven has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. Cheer up, my good woman; the cloud may be dark, but the sun will eventually dissipate it. You may have to labor hard for your children, but Heaven will not fail you!"

"That ain't nothing, stranger," exclaimed the woman, "as for the children, I haven't got but seventeen, an' I make support for them easy enough. Heaven must be my husband, an' I has no doubt he'd make a mighty good husband, but I want a sure nuf husband, a real live one like my poor John was afore he died. Poor John—poor John! Oh, me! too-hoo-ee!"

When I had listened to this speech, there was something so absolutely and purely original in its ridiculous ideas that I could not help laughing at the mourner. As soon as possible I recovered myself and changed my tactics.

"Well, ma'am," I said, "if that's all, for Heaven's sake don't give yourself any trouble. There are plenty of men in the world; surely you can get another husband!"

"I mout get another husband, stranger, but, oh! I couldn't find nary 'uther like John—poor John!—poor John! Oh, me! too-hoo-ee!"

"What was there remarkable about him, ma'am? If he was uncommonly likely, there are plenty of handsome men left in the world. If he was an extraordinary strong man, I know of some giants in strength. Was he good, kind, and gentle, there are such still left on earth? Was he a man of extraordinary intellect, wisdom, or genius, depend upon it there are others equal to him? Depend upon it, that no matter what extra gift he may have possessed, with patience and diligence you may find another to smooth the rough way of life for you, and fill that vacancy which distresses you so."

"Oh, stranger!" returned the woman, "I know it's your kind heartedness that makes you speak so, but 'tain't worth while, John wasn't nothin' extraordinary in none of them things as you speak of. But still I never, no never! I know I never kin find the likes of John again on yuth! Oh, John! poor John!—poor John! too-hoo-ee!"

"Well, madam, I have guessed till I'm tired. What was there about John so remarkable?"

"Mark him!" she exclaimed, "why, stranger, John was the best fiddler on yuth. How he'd lay back behind his fiddle and roll his beautiful red head about from side to side, as he played 'Sugar in de Ground,' 'Pig in de Tator Patch,' 'Old Dan Tucker,' and all them times!—Just to think! It ha'n't been a month since he sit rite here under this tree and played for me while I got up and danced just this way to that good old tune!"

"Oh, she wouldn't an' she couldn't, an she wouldn't come at all!"

To see tom diddle dum daddle addy day!

And there the woman jumped up and cut two or three very difficult steps—half way between the pigeon wing and the old Virginia back step—while she sang the above tune; then falling, she screamed in the agony of distress.

"And now he's gone!—dead! Oh, me!"

I gazed at the woman for a moment, and then I told her I knew some very good fiddlers. She immediately became calm, and looking up into my face with an inquiring glance, she said—

"Stranger, maybe you is a good fiddler, I'll go an' get John's fiddle!"

And off she started for the house. As soon as she was out of sight, I struck spurs to my horse.

Few understand the depth of such feeling as that.

MARCH OF INTELLIGENCE.—At a recent political caucus in a town not far from here, Mr. B—, in the course of his speech, took occasion to speak in no measured terms of the intimidation which, he said, had been exercised towards certain parties.

"Name! name!" cried some of his supporters.

"Why, their name is Legion," rejoined the honorable and learned gentleman.

An intelligent voter, who stood near, said to his neighbor—

"Who did he say?"

"Oh, he said their name was Legion," was the reply.

"Legion! Legion!" said the bewildered individual; "where do they live? I don't know any one of that name in the town."

ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN.

A certain wealthy nobleman invited the dramatist to visit him during the hunting season at his country seat. Sheridan went, but being no sportsman, found it rather dull work. At length, one day finding himself left alone, he concluded to take a gun and fowling and try his luck. An attendant gamekeeper proffered his services, which were peremptorily declined, determined that his want of skill should not be made the subject of remark in the servants' hall. The result of his tramp might be anticipated, and he found himself returning homeward without even a feather for his trophy, convinced of one of two things, to wit: either that his gun was a poor one, or that he did not understand its use.

Crossing a field, in the centre of which was a pond, around which was gathered a large flock of geese, ducks, &c., he noticed a farmer leaning upon the fence, watching their gambols, and was seized with an irresistible desire to try his skill upon the feathered objects of his attention. Accordingly, he went up to the farmer, who seemed quite indifferent to his approach, and thus accosted him:

"My friend, what shall I give you for permission to discharge both barrels into the midst of the flock?"

"Well," answered the north countryman, "ad dun know, art thou much iv'er shot?"

"Much of a shot?" "Oh!" (slightly embarrassed,) "middling—only middling."

"Well, how far wilt thou stan' off?"

"How far? Oh! say about twenty yards."

"Well, as shoold think thou might'st give I half a guinea!"

"Half a guinea! Pretty good price; however, I'll do it."

Accordingly, the ground was measured, Sheridan took his stand, and, with a deliberate aim, discharged both barrels, killing and wounding more than he anticipated.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, picking up the spoils, and approaching the old farmer, who seemed quite undisturbed by the result, "you didn't expect I should kill so many of them, did you?"

"Well, no. I can't say I did; but still yer know, it's sothin' to I, yer know, beem they don't belong to I."

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

To dream of a small stone around your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife.

To see apples in a dream, betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may expect to find pears.

To dream that you are lame, is a token that you will get into a hobble.

When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue the use of tight shoes, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.

To dream of fire, is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed.

To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water.

To dream of walking barefooted, denotes a journey that you will make bootless.

To dream of eggs, is a sign that you will discover a mare's nest.

When a fashionable lady dreams of a filbert, it is a sign that her thoughts are running upon the cologne.

If you dream of clothes, it is a warning not to go to law, for, by the law of contraries, you will be sure of non suit.

To dream that you are eating, is certain to come true at breakfast.

To dream of a barber, denotes losses—hairs may be expected to be cut off.

To dream of having a great number of servants is madness.

It is very lucky to dream you pay for a thing twice over, since afterwards you will probably take care to have all your bills receipted.

MULTIPLICATION OF SEEDS.—There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even man has doubled in twenty-five years; at this rate, in a few thousand years, there would literally not be standing room for his progeny. Linnæus has calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds, and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be a million plants. The elephant is reckoned to be the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase; it will be under the mark to assume that it breeds when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth three pairs of young in this interval; if this be so, at the end of the fifth century there would be alive fifteen million of elephants descended from the first pair.—On the Origin of Species. By Chas. Darwin, M. A.

ARCTIC PALATES.—Bills of fare vary much, even in Greenland. I have inquired of Petersen, and he tells me that the Greenland Eskimauks (there are many Greenlanders of Danish origin) are not agreed as to which of their animals affords the most delicious food; some of them prefer reindeer venison, others think more favorably of young dog, the flesh of which he asserts, is "just like the beef of sheep." He says a Danish captain, who had acquired the taste, provided some for his guests, and they praised his mutton. After dinner he sent for the skin of the animal, which was no other than a large red dog. This occurred in Greenland, where his Danish guests had resided for many years, far removed from European custom. Baked puppy is a real delicacy all over Polynesia. At the Sandwich Islands I was once invited to a feast, and when told that puppy was so extremely scarce it could not be procured in time, and therefore sucking-pig was substituted.—M. Pinckney's Voyage of the Fox.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF STRENGTH.—A man recently knocked down an elephant. He was an auctioneer.



TAKING IT COOLLY.

NEW YORK MERCHANT (excitedly).—This will never do, sir! No, sir, we must have our money, sir, or we'll put the account in suit immediately!

COURTIER MERCHANT (twelve months behind).—Well, now, if that's what yer going to do, allow me to recommend a neighbor of mine, Squire Jones! he's a mighty prompt collector!

WOMEN AT TWENTY-ONE.—When a young girl reaches the age of fifteen or sixteen, she begins to think of the mysterious subject of matrimony—a state, the delights of which her youthful imagination shadows forth in the most captivating forms. It is made the topic of light and incidental conversation among her companions, and it is resorted to with increasing interest every time it is brought upon the tapis. When she grows a little older she ceases to smatter about matrimony, and thinks more intently on the all-important subject. It engrosses her thoughts by day and her dreams by night; and she pictures to herself the felicity of being wedded to the youth for whom she cherishes a secret but consuming flame. She surveys herself in the mirror, and, as it generally tells "a flattering tale," she turns from it with a pleasing conviction that her beauty will enable her to conquer the heart of the most obdurate, and whoever else may die in a state of "single blessedness," she is destined to become, ere many years roll by, a happy bride.

From the age of eighteen to twenty "is the very witching time" of female life. During that period the female heart is more susceptible to the soft and tender influence of love than at any other; and we appeal to our fair readers to say, whether, if inclination was alone consulted in the business, more marriages would not take place during this ticklish season than in any in which it is preceded or followed? It is the grand climax of love; and she who passes it without entering into the state of matrimony may chance to pass several years of her life ere she is caught in the meshes of Hymen.

The truth is that the majority of women begin to move more thoughtfully when they have turned the age of twenty. The giddiness of the girl gives place to the sobriety of the woman. Frivolity is succeeded by reflection; and reason reigns where passion previously held undisputed sway. The care and the anxiety of life press themselves more palpably, they tend to weaken the effect of the sanguine anticipation of unmingled felicity in the marriage state which the mind had formed in its youthful dreams. In short, to use a common phrase, women, after twenty, "look ere they leap."

SPRING PIGS FOR MAKING PORK.

That pork may be made most profitably of spring pigs, kept growing as rapidly as consistent with health until fall or early winter, has been shown by many successful experiments. Yet nothing is more common among farmers than to winter over pigs, weighing in the fall about one hundred pounds, expecting to make hogs when fattened a year later, weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred and fifty pounds. A year's care and keeping is given to very small advantage over pigs properly fed for less than half the time.

March pigs of a good breed, well kept and learned to eat while with the sow, then taken away at two months old and fed all they will profitably consume, will make "three hundred hogs," by the last of November. There have been frequent instances of a gain of one and a quarter pounds a day, and even more.

"Pigs, recently from the mother," says a writer on this topic, "may safely and profitably be fed frequently. The digestive powers are most active in the young animal, as a matter of theory even; in practice it is found emphatically so; and if the animal is fed always, the growth is never stunted, and the animal does about all it was made to do, in a short time." An instance is given where two pigs fed from two months old, three, and often four times a day, with Indian meal and skim milk, weighed when slaughtered, at seven months old, three hundred and fifteen pounds.

An example of the cost and results of fattening shoats by feeding through the summer, met our eye sometime since, in the N. E. Farmer.

A pig was bought of a drover, weighing at the time 120 pounds, and costing \$10.20. He was kept nearly nine months, consuming meal, besides slops from the house, \$25 worth mostly of corn meal, and his dressed weight was 353 pounds. Taking first cost and expense of food purchased only into account, the pork cost ten cents per pound, though the cost of the meal would not average above \$1 per bushel. The time spent in feeding, and the value of the slops, may have been remunerated by the manure, but we think manure could be made less expensively by fattening spring pigs; at least less time would be required in the process.—Country Gentleman.

FOR FILMS.—I will here give my recipe for taking a film from the eye of any domestic animal. It is simple and effectual, and without humane, I think. Take off strained honey in a spoon, (or anything that suits the convenience of the operator,) as new as can be had, and open the eyelid and turn the honey in the eye, letting the lid close over it. I perform the operation night and morning; never had a failure of a cure in a few days. The longer the film has been on the eye the longer it will take to remove it. I think it a better remedy than I have ever seen in print, easily obtained, and never does harm.—Rural New Yorker.

CHARCOAL.—Seeds germinate very quickly in pulverized charcoal, but do not grow well in charcoal alone. It is used with great effect as a top dressing. It is a great stimulus to vegetation on account of its power to produce carbonic acid gas, and exerts a favorable influence in the absorption and decomposition of matters excreted from the roots of plants, thereby preserving the sponges from the detrimental effects of these putrifying substances. It has also a wonderful effect in invigorating sickly plants, and aids the rooting of plants and shrubs newly transplanted. Its value is not as generally appreciated as it should be.

WORKS AND SCRAPERS IN HOSES.—When I worked at my trade, in the city, I had occasion to use different kinds of paints and oils, among them was what is called "bright varnish." Frequently I would cut myself, sometimes so severely that I have been laid up for weeks. I would try all kinds of salve, but the wound would be a long time healing. One day I cut my hand severely, and as I had nothing to put on it at hand, I thought I would try some of the bright varnish; as it is a sticky substance, I thought it might stick the wound together; accordingly I bound up my hand with it and kept on to work; the varnish relieved the pain, I had no soreness in the wound, and in one week it was entirely healed. My son was sawing through a board one day, and carelessly put his hand under the board. My son had his forefinger bone entirely sawed off. I put the ends together, put on this varnish, bound it up, and the result was, that after one week the bandage was removed, and the finger had nearly grown together. My horse once had scratches so badly, that it was difficult to get him to move about. I rubbed the parts affected with this varnish, for two days, which caused a perfect cure. The varnish can be bought at the paint shops for six or eight cents per quart.

LICE ON CATTLE.—There are various simple modes of killing lice on neat cattle. Yellow snuff, sifted on the heads and backs of animals is pretty sure to kill the most common kinds of lice. Snuff is better than tobacco juice, as it is more safe and not likely to do any harm.

But it is said there are certain kinds of lice which are not afraid of snuff. Well, take some lamp oil and apply it to the heads and shoulders of the cattle. Oil and grassy matter of all kinds are very disagreeable to all kinds of vermin, and we doubt not a thorough smearing of the head and neck and back of animals will drive away all these troublesome visitors.

Ashes sprinkled on to the backs of cattle will often clear them of vermin. So will sand or any kind of earthy matter. Cattle that lie out, where they can choose for themselves, are seldom lousy. They are fond of covering themselves with sand whenever they can find a loose bank to scatter about.

Hens running at large, and where they find sand in plenty to wallow in, are not usually lousy. A bed of ashes is still better, and they should always be accommodated with a panful in their inclosure.—Mass. Ploughman.

ON HOUSING STOCK.—Last autumn I tied up four bullocks under a hovel, three in three separate boxes, and kept loose seven in two yards (four in one yard and three in another), each yard having an open hovel for them to run under if they pleased. The 14 beasts were all nearly of an age, and they were treated alike; 8 lbs. of Linseed cake per day each, 2 bushel of cut mangels, and hay or oat straw equally distributed among them. Those shut up and those tied up were all ready for market first, and the others replaced them as they were sold off; but they, when marketed in their turn, were not ready on an average so soon by a month each as those that were first tied and shut up.—Corres. of London Ag. Gazette.

Useful Receipts.

VEILS.—Black lace veils can be recovered by washing them in tea, letting them soak a few moments; then take them out, and as soon as dry enough iron them.

LOCK OR PAT BIRD.—One of the great drawbacks to the happiness of the birds, and to the pleasure of keeping them, is lice, and having recently learned of a safe and sure way of removing them, we give it to our readers. The Michigan Farmer says:—Lay a piece of Canton or cotton flannel over the cage at night, several nights in succession, taking it off at daylight. Multitudes of the lice will be found upon it, which are easily killed. After a few days all will be removed. A case in which this was very successful, has just been brought to our notice; from a pair of bob-links hundreds of these parasites were removed in this way.

TO ENCOURAGE THE GROWTH OF HAIR AND PREVENT ITS TURNING GREY.—A young lady friend of mine was recommended by a cousin to use sage-water. She was obliged to discontinue its daily use as it made her hair too thick. Pour boiling water on the sage leaves, and let them remain some time in the oven or near a store, then strain and apply to the roots of the hair daily. If any pomade is needed, an equal mixture of coconut and olive oils, with a little perfume, is very efficacious.—London Field.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—Smear a piece of flannel in common whitening, mixed to the consistency of common paste in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned quite briskly, and wash off with pure cold water. Grease spots will in this way be almost instantly removed, as well as other filth, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

CLEANING KETTLES.—A bit of pearl-ash, as large as a walnut, dissolved in hot water, will remove grease from iron cooking vessels, and also take out the taste left by onions or other highly flavored food.

POP-ROCKS.—Stir together, one cup flour, one of sweet milk, one beaten egg, and butter the size of a walnut. Bake in small tin rounds—and they will be excellent for breakfast cakes. So writes a correspondent of the Agriculturist.

AN EXPLANATION.—Young ladies are often asked why they blush so when spoken to about their lovers, but they are seldom able to give a satisfactory answer. Taking pity on their bashfulness a writer in the American Medical Gazette furnishes the following lucid explanation of the beautiful phenomenon:—"The mind communicates with the central ganglion; the latter, by reflex action, through the brain and facial nerve, to the organic nerves in the face, with which its branches innervate."

The mystery is now perfectly clear.

THE most censorious are generally the least judicious, who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another, who has enough of his own.—Rule of Life.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 3, 7, 6, 16, 12, was the god of dread and fear.

My 2, 11, 17, 13, was a priestess of Venus.

My 3, 6, 16, 4, was one of the names of Cupid.

My 4, 20, 1, 5, 12, 18, was the son of Cædmon and Terra.

My 5, 17, 10, 9, 23, 20, was the muse of astronomy.

My 6, 5, 24, 23, 9, 20, was a rural deity.

My 7, 5, 18, 15, 23, 9, 20, was the goddess of weaving.

My 8, 13, 2, 13, was the daughter of Aër and Tellus.

My 9, 11, 7, 23, 8, was the wife of Mars.

My 10, 23, 20, 18, 20, was the goddess of hunting, &c.

My 11, 7, 20, 1, 13, was the muse of love-poetry.

My 12, 20, 23, 18, 4, is something that happens often.

My 13, 15, 3, 20, 18, 5, 4, was an ancient seagod.

My 14, 21, 16, 12, 20, was the goddess of flowers.

My 15, 20, 15, 5, 24, was the son of Vulcan.

My 16, 6, 8, 24, 1, 11, 4, was the son of Agamemnon.

My 17, 20, 15, 2, 11, 22, is a lady's name.

My 18, 20, 1, 23, 16, was the goddess of infants.

My 19, 23, 9, 3, is a drink.

My 20, 5, 7, 13, 12, 20, was the goddess of morning.

My 21, 5, 15, 23, 14, 3, 6, was the son of Jupiter and Aurora.

My 22, 20, 6, 11, 24, was the son of Mercury and Lara.

My 23, 15, 20, 6, 5, 24, was the son of Dædalus.

My 24, 20, 22, 23, was the twelve frantic priests of Mars.

My whole was an important event in American History.

RANDOLPH.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a jolly fellow, that roams o'er the seas; Backwards, as is troublesome an animal as a flea; My second, is the same as my first you see, Transposed either way, it's all the same to thee.

My whole altogether, is a very expressive name Of a certain savage tribe, which two syllables will frame Separately spelled, and they are both the same, And a very gallant fellow, well known to fame.

Each pronounced backwards, rhymes with a certain kind of harque, That speeds lightly o'er the sea, in the day, and in the dark.

Spelled forwards, it often makes a good meal for the shark, And if carefully handled, will always leave a black mark.

MISS PIDGE CHAMBERLAIN, Louisville, Ky.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first denotes quickness of motion Of nimble young fingers and hands, My second would cause a commotion If seen upon Newport's soft sands.

My whole is a time-honored guest, Creating mirth, laughter, and jest.

ANAGRAMS.

On Counties in the United States

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Red-wads. Ben Rack.
Sall Lee. Big Son.
I non Sam. Not over.
Darn me. Him nag.
Gas on man. Spring shot.

Manchester, Ohio. ANNE CORA WILSON.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two travellers, A and B, travelled at the same time and by the same road, from two cities, C and D. A left C for D at the same time that B left D for C. When A had been travelling 36 hours, he was overtaken by an express whose speed was equal to his and B's together. When B had been travelling 48 hours, he avoided a drove of sheep whose speed was equal to the difference between his and A's. B travelled precisely 40 minutes after he passed a station house known to be 30 miles farther from D than the place where the express met the drove, and then met A. A arrived at D 54 hours before the drove got to C, and B arrived at C 18 hours and 24 minutes after the express got to D. Required the distance from C to D, and the hourly speed of A and B.

ARTEMAS MARTIN, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A father died, leaving 1,200 acres of land to be divided between his three sons, so that the eldest shall receive his land at \$10 per acre, the 2d at \$5 per acre, the youngest at \$6 per acre, and each is to receive the same amount of dollars and cents by valuation. How much land will each receive?

Green Co., Ill. W. H. BONFREY.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Why are the members of the Oxford University Rifle Corps a most frivolous lot? Ans.—Because they have Quad Drills every day.

"Sam, why am I lawyers like de fishes?" "I don't meddle wid the subject, Pomp." "Why, don't ye see, nigga, because dey am so fond ob debate."

When your hair gets into disorder, what heathen devil should it name? Ans.—Comus.

Why is an Englishman like nineteen shillings? Ans.—Because he is under a sovereign.

Which is the stoutest man in the village? Ans.—The grocer (groceries).